

Hot Sugar

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Additional Tags:	Alcohol , Swearing , Underage Drinking , cause some of them are under 21 , College AU , Smut , Porn With Plot , Anal Sex , Porn with Feelings , Making Out , I love that tag , Denial of Feelings , quite a lot of feelings that don't get addressed , very light D/s undertones , the Dream team are roommates , cause i die for that trope , My vocabulary is just useless , Drunk Sex , Light Angst , Confessions , Sapnap being an elite tier friend , Sober Sex , Light overstimulation , Orgasm Delay/Denial , Aftercare , Roommates , Friends to Lovers
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Summary

Dream had a double black in his hand and a careless grin already aimed in George's direction when the brunet met his eyes. Dream's eyes were glassy, but his gaze still felt sharp enough to cut George's thoughts wide open. George had been drunk with him enough times to know that the Floridan was damn good at holding his liquor, and something about the clarity in his deep hazel-green eyes made George feel precipitously weak in the knees.

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Dream and George get drunk at a party and hook up basically. College AU.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Hot Sugar

Chapter Notes

Just a small something I was going to write drunk on Halloween cause I thought it'd be funny, but I went on minecraft til 4am instead and forgot.

Also I'm really sorry about the massive chunk of writing. I couldn't really find anywhere appropriate to split it in half and make it two chapters.

Hope you enjoy :) (and thank you for clicking!)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was after two overfilled red cups of jungle juice, and right before his third Smirnoff chaser that George felt his stupid actions slamming into him like a giant wave, leaving his limbs feeling heavy and his eyes shifting in and out of focus. Five shitty and largely uninvited college parties later, and he still hadn't developed the vitally imperative survival skill that was spacing out one's alcoholic drinks.

Even despite his obvious lack of experience in hard liquor-drinking, across from him, Wilbur stood clapping him through his third shot of vodka like a true friend. Though perhaps the sentiment lost some of its value, on account for the fact that Wilbur was probably only slightly less drunk than he was.

“Three down in five, Gogy, you nutter! That's gonna fuck you up in another five minutes, I guarantee you.” Wilbur hollered, cheeks red and grinning as the younger male downed the last of what had been the nearest bottle of Sprite.

After setting down the empty plastic, George felt helpless laughter bubble out of him hearing Wilbur use such a stupid nickname – he had obviously well surpassed just “tipsy” if he thought that doing three vodka chasers in a row made him some sort of wild socialite. That, or he was fully aware how moderately average it was, but gave George a pity clap anyway. It was like he'd thought: a true friend.

“Yeah, it'd already hit me like a fucking truck before I'd finished.” George admitted, too drunk for the embarrassment to catch up before the words were out.

Wilbur, the ever happy drunk, seemed unable to wipe the smile from his face as he laughed airily and tried – albeit, very slowly – to nod simultaneously in show of agreement.

“Wouldn’t I fucking know it. Anyway, I should probably find Techno, I imagine he’s not too happy that I left him,” Wilbur was still somehow laughing to himself. He gave George a friendly *later, mate*, and then George lost him in a cluster of people.

As soon as his company had left him, George forced himself to move away from the mixer table, clammy palms sticking to the plastic yellow tablecloth.

Usually, George wasn’t huge on parties. It’s not that he necessarily *disliked* them, he just didn’t feel very strongly about them either way. His reasoning for attending most parties that he got invited (or pressured) to – and part of his premise for going to the one on that night – was to spend the time with his friends; letting loose and winding down with system depressants, pretending like making out with strangers and dedicating a whole night to stupid decisions in general was a good way to cut back on stress.

Which, on the topic of hooking up and stupid decisions, George’s hopes had been moderately high all of that day at the prospect of getting some sort of action that night. Frankly, he was lonely and bored. He hadn’t been laid in months, and it really didn’t take much to get ridiculously turned on once he’d drunk enough.

Leaving the hollowed Sprite bottle behind him, George meandered his way towards the backyard where the large blue cooler sat, and where he had, potentially stupidly, left his two unopened cans of spiced rum premix. He was heavily relying on the mateship of his fellow party-goers to have not leeched off other peoples’ drinks. Specifically his.

He eventually made it back after only stumbling a respectable one time on the way over, stopping just short of his destination as he belatedly noticed the group of people congregating in the area; in particular the figure sat on the lid of the cooler.

After a second in which George could physically feel the fog shrouding his head disperse marginally, his eyes refocused on the person in front of him and his eyebrows rose when he realised that it was Dream. Shifting his gaze briefly to the others surrounding them, he noted with dull surprise that Sapnap had yet to get lost within the throngs of people, still hanging around Dream and the other people they’d arrived at the party with. As he tried listening in half-heartedly, he could hear Sapnap conversing rather loudly about something apparently funny with Karl Jacobs, and another who’s identity George forgot to process fully before turning back to the blonde on the icebox.

Dream had a double black in his hand and a careless grin already aimed in George’s direction when the brunet met his eyes. Dream’s eyes were glassy, but his gaze still felt sharp enough to cut

George's thoughts wide open. George had been drunk with him enough times to know that the Floridan was damn good at holding his liquor, and something about the clarity in his deep hazel-green eyes made George feel precipitously weak in the knees.

Oh boy, so it begins.

He vaguely felt embarrassed by his inability to control his libido, but on the other hand he was just drunk enough to not give a shit.

He was so busy staring at his best friend's face, observing the way the pool lights saturated the left half of his profile, that he almost missed Dream let out an abrupt wheeze that ended in a jaunty laugh.

"Jesus George, you were gone for like 15 minutes, and you already look wrecked."

Dream laughed again, properly this time, and George felt fondness blooming slowly his chest, thick and dark as molasses.

Trying to shake the foginess back out of his head, George gestured vaguely to the cooler still occupied by his friend, speech coming out a little slower than usual.

"Yep, and I came back for my Kraken, so scooch over," he finished, waving his hand at Dream to get him to move off.

The blond snorted and stood up, tipping his drink back in the process. George shamelessly allowed himself a moment to appreciate the way Dream's Adam's apple bobbed while he drank.

The brunet swallowed roughly, throat going dry. *Oh God*. He barely managed to hold back an exasperated groan. Arousal was truly a steep and slippery slope when George was drunk. Which, while on its own, wasn't much of a problem (it wasn't exactly an uncommon drunk trait by any means) he didn't really want his dumb hormonal brain to become set on his best friend of all people. He couldn't see Dream appreciating it very much.

Think un-sexy things, he thought to himself, repeating it like a mantra.

George ungracefully tilted forward and grabbed at the lid of the bin, hastily trying to find either of his BYOs and avoid looking for too long into Dream's uncanny, lucid eyes.

He must have been looking rather pitiful, feebly digging through the container in hopes of his rum and coke spontaneously manifesting itself, because not much time had passed before he felt a warm, solid presence just barely pressing over his shoulder and a light-hearted huff of laughter by his ear.

"You're hopeless George, there was one back over here." Dream's large hand passed George's, reaching towards the back corner. George watched as the younger man's wrist twisted upwards when he retracted his hand, dark-coloured can between his fingers.

"The other one could be lost by now." The blond continued with a shrug. George was unable to look away from the tendons pushing and pulling in the younger's wrist. Yikes.

"Thanks," George muttered, cursing the heat he could feel flooding his cheeks and slowly dripping down his body. Dream didn't comment on it as they stood up, just closing the lid again – probably with the intent to go back to inconveniently sitting on it.

"No problem, Georgie." Dream held the can out to him.

The brunet had to stop and shake himself again, still feeling slightly dazed, and unable to care that Dream had called him by such a condescending nickname.

Then he reached out his hand, and Dream's cold fingers brushed wet condensation onto his own. Maybe it was the alcohol, because there was no reason for the exchange to feel like it was toeing the line of tantalising.

Steep and slippery slope, George reminded himself. He really needed to figure out a way to control his dick better while his mind was loose with endorphins.

Unfortunately, Dream was watching George with an intense look that he couldn't fully comprehend in his muddled state. His expression was soft, but his green eyes were almost piercing, and once again, George was having to force himself to think of strictly un-sexy things. Of course, instead of actually doing this he stupidly let himself imagine those eyes and their cooperating hands pinning him to several flat surfaces.

While George's Neanderthal brain was reeling and generally doing nothing of use, Dream didn't so much as blink at the exchange – something that made George feel both astronomical disappointment, and immense relief, since it meant Dream probably didn't notice his sudden awkwardness.

Just before he could spiral into a drunken oblivion wherein he solely and pointlessly asked himself *Why? Why? Why??* over and over, Sarnap, the ever-loving social champion that he was, unknowingly saved him by petulantly griping for George's attention.

“Hey, George, *you'll* come play drunk Jenga with me, won't you? Please, Georgie, light of my life,” The youngest pleaded, holding a striking likeness to a 9 year old begging a parent for froot loops in the cereal aisle.

Karl protested immediately, an exasperated *I never said I wouldn't play drunk Jenga with you!*, and then George noticed the other two people that were there with them. One of them was Antfrost, which George realised belatedly was the other person that he'd neglected to acknowledge before. A new person was there now too – George faintly recognised him as Ant's boyfriend. All three of them were looking between George and Sarnap expectantly.

Recalling what Sarnap said, George tried but couldn't stop how his face was split by a grin and laughter tumbled out at his friend's blatant silliness.

“Ugh, only if you take that back, you disgusting gremlin,” But George was smiling widely and already making his way to follow his friend.

Sarnap snorted and stole a drink from George's rum in retaliation. George immediately snatched the tin back.

“*Stop* dumbass, I'm supposed to have enough to play your stupid drinking games.”

Sarnap sighed. “Man, I love you so much and you're just a dickhead.”

George heard rather than saw Dream's blithe wheezing coming from behind him, and wasn't mentally strong or available enough to stop his body from twisting to try and catch the end of it. Meeting his eyes, Dream's alluring smile didn't waver. Absurdly, George had to fight the urge to turn around and lick it off him.

The three of them followed Sapnap into the house, Ant and his boyfriend having left to socialise with a few of their other friends.

They navigated their way to the living room, where it looked as though a few games had been played and left on and beside the coffee table. George sparsely recognised Wilbur again, sitting amongst a larger group of their friends nearby.

As soon as Sapnap saw them he yelled across the room and invited them to join in on a game of “Extreme-Suffering Jenga”. Which didn’t sound foreboding *at all*. George faintly wondered how the fuck he was going to make it through the night.

“You guys wanna join us? It’ll be fun with more people.” The raven-haired man called amicably, punctuated with a huff as he plonked himself down on the floor, low table in front of him.

After some back and forth yelling, they ended up with a solid group of friends and strangers alike. George opted for the two-seater couch, getting comfortable. Looking around, he realised Dream was no longer beside him.

As the new group were assembling themselves around the table, Sapnap began picking up and arranging the wooden Jenga pieces with messily handwritten red ink stamped onto them.

“Alright, everyone got a drink ready? We all know how to play?” Sapnap spoke up over the noise from the rest of the party.

A cacophony of replies volley-balled back at him, which sounded horrendous to George’s addled brain.

Dream rejoined them then, fresh drink in hand.

“George, move over.”

Mildly startled, George scrambled to do as his friend asked, feeling slightly faint as Dream shoved pillows aside to wedge himself in the space right next to George on the sofa.

George barely paid attention as the game went around, his steady consumption of a Kraken since he'd taken three shots keeping him from sobering up to any degree. He and Dream were also a *lot* closer together than was strictly necessary, considering the size of the couch. George unwillingly accepted that his mind wouldn't be getting out of the gutter anytime soon.

As if reading his thoughts, Dream's left leg pressed up against his, from their thighs to their ankles.

Steep and slippery slope, steep and slippery slope, ste—

“George!”

The aforementioned nearly jumped out of his skin when he sluggishly realised his name was being yelled.

“What, Sapnap?”

“Wilbur chose you to take a drink, so take a sip of your gross ginger beer, babe.” The younger man cackled.

“It tastes nothing like ginger beer, you absolute moron.” George rolled his eyes but took a generous swig anyway.

Beside him, Dream chuckled at his drunken attitude.

“Geez, George, you weren't asked to drink the whole thing. You should probably slow down.” The blond implored. George knew he was right, but it was getting harder and harder to control his intake.

And apparently intake wasn't the only thing he was losing self-control over, because instead of answering he just groaned and laid his head on Dream's shoulder.

He felt the man freeze slightly beneath him, before he relaxed and sunk further back into the couch cushions, pulling George with him.

Sapnap (the dick) of course immediately noticed and interrupted someone's go to loudly jibe at them.

"Christ, you two, go be gross away from drunk Jenga."

George made a mental note to try and get Sapnap to drink the rest of his punch during one of his turns.

Dream just laughed, arm tightening fractionally around George's shoulders, while George flipped him off, ignoring the red on his face.

Luckily for George, the two of them were immediately forgotten when an explosion of shouting and *ooooohhh!*'s erupted from the table, right at the moment the tower started wobbling precariously.

While the chaos ensued between the rest of the players, George felt a sudden large, warm hand settle gently, almost timidly, on his leg. His body wasted no time reacting, all the blood in his face dropping south. His stomach swooped, and a rich, inky film settled low in his belly; small flames flickering mellowly, but steadily increasing in heat and intensity the longer the appendage remained.

George tried and failed to hide the way his breathing hitched, instead choosing hold the air in his lungs as he tried to pull himself together.

God, he wanted the blond. He desperately wanted Dream. George had made peace with his sexuality a long time ago, but in all that time, he couldn't recall wanting to fuck either of his best friends. He didn't want to think about what that meant. The hand on his thigh squeezed almost imperceptibly.

As his own emotional turmoil settled benignly on his shoulders, George suddenly felt inexplicably and irrationally selfish – he didn't want to share whatever this heated thing between them was. He pulled his knees up on the sofa and directed them inconspicuously towards Dream, hiding the hand that remained lightly perched there. Dream hummed contentedly, sounding in George's ear like a soft purr from where it pressed against Dream's shoulder.

The Brit could barely concentrate on the rest of the room. He really didn't want to when Dream's

fingers were sat *right there* on his leg. His mind was fast approaching a mental dead zone when he was asked once again to take a drink, fighting to keep himself aware. The can was beginning to feel light in his hand as he tipped it back, and the moment he brought it back down his eyes sought Dream's. Up close, the former's pupils were wide and his green eyes looked hazy.

"Maybe you should stop for a bit." The blond mumbled. It took George a second to realise that Dream was staring at his mouth, not his eyes. George felt like he'd been winded.

Holy fuck.

Lightheaded, George wisely followed Dream's suggestion.

"Yeah, I kinda didn't want to be having black-outs." He said as goosebumps raised on his neck.

Dream retracted the arm around George's shoulders to grab his drink and put it next to his own on the side table. George briefly mourned the loss, before it returned and settled back into its previous position.

George ended up having only two goes before he became too distracted by the steadily hardening dick in his jeans. When the game came back around to his side, he eventually refused to get up, claiming that he was too lazy. Which wasn't a lie, he'd practically melted into Dream's side. The others hardly cared, other than Sapnap, who threw his head back, emitting a loud, dramatic sigh. George ignored him.

From where George rested his head, he could just make out the gentle drumming of Dream's heart in his chest, a comfortable cadence that George found himself being softly enveloped in, feeling like he were submerged in warm, sweet syrup. Eyes slipping shut, he finally decided *fuck it*, the alcohol buzzing quietly in his head prevented him from backing down. The fire in his belly burned white-hot and his blood sparked.

While Dream was distracted by the others still playing, George turned his face to bury his nose in Dream's neck with a barely-there groan. Whether from exhaustion or arousal, it didn't matter, especially when Dream immediately responded – hand shifting to grip George's thigh firmly and head tilting towards the brunet.

George fought back another groan, breathing in the smell of *Dream*. He smelled fucking amazing to George's sordid mind, and it was equally both not enough and too much. Face pressed into the

junction of his best friend's neck, George felt his arousal grow exponentially, the blood that had accumulated in his face earlier rushing directly to his clothed erection. He whined, the loudness of the party swallowing his noises.

Dream's breath laboured and he lowered his chin, barely brushing George's cheekbone.

"Georgie..." He sounded wrecked. George's breathing caught in his throat. "Are you really going to do this here?"

The blond's voice was low and rough with desire. George could scarcely believe his life. He whimpered quietly.

He heard Dream exhale deeply and drag his hand slowly, painstakingly down George's thigh. It roughly grabbed his flesh, fingers barely inches away from brushing the hardness between George's legs.

George shuddered, shifting his thighs, trying to meekly press them against his arousal to give himself any amount of relief.

Dream noticed and grunted roughly in displeasure, fingers releasing George to push at his legs, putting space back between them and his erection.

"I don't fucking think so, George. You're being a serious brat right now, you know that?"

George panted into Dream's neck.

"Fuck, fine, I'm calling an Uber and I'm getting you out of here."

He pulled out his phone and swiped through his apps. His next words were murmured with lulling teasing by George's ear, stoking the fire in his gut.

"If you can pull yourself together long enough to make it home, then I'll fuck you as hard as you can stand into your fucking mattress."

Pleasure hot as lightning struck the brunet violently, scorching his nerves without even being touched, Dream's saccharine voice full of promise.

He couldn't bring himself to articulate any words, instead just nodding weakly. Dream's skin burned him where they were touching.

The time it took waiting on the couch with Dream, feeling like he might burn up or pass out from how painfully fucking turned on he was, passed by almost excruciatingly. It felt as though they were waiting for a stupid Uber driver for *weeks*. Twice George was given harsh warning squeezes by Dream's hand, still clinging bruisingly onto his thigh, right as the blond sensed him getting impatient again.

George squirmed, reminding himself over and over that it would be worth it later if he could just wait the few extra minutes for their Uber to show up.

Dream huffed then, a rumble in his chest sounding like distant thunder as he retracted the hand on George's thigh and lightly pushed at the brunet's shoulders.

"It's here, George." He explained, voice honey-smooth. "Come say goodbye to Sapnap at least, I doubt we'll be seeing him again tonight." And then he untangled from George and moved off the couch and away from him, which wasn't the deal *at all*.

George suppressed a tortured sigh as he watched Dream side-step around those still seated at the coffee table. He honestly didn't give much of a fuck about saying goodnight to his other best friend right then, he'd see the fucker in the morning, probably. Still, he distantly recognised it as a polite thing to do, so while awkwardly trying to ignore the way his dick was uncomfortably semi-hard and growing in his jeans, he obediently followed after Dream.

George's friends' conversation became clearer as he approached the small group that had temporarily abandoned the game to talk.

"-I'm just gonna take him home." George caught the end of Dream's sentence.

Sapnap's action looked to be an indecisive mix between a nod and a shrug.

“Alright, if you’re both sure. I’m probably gonna crash at Karl’s tonight, he’s being my deso.” He punctuated with an amicable clap on said person’s back.

Karl was jolted forward from the hit slightly, but just nodded sagely and glanced towards George in acknowledgement.

“Yeah, you should have told me, I would have given you guys a lift to your house if I’d known.”

Dream’s face was flushed, but he looked nonchalant as he chuckled and waved Karl off.

“Don’t worry about it, I don’t mind paying for an Uber.”

“Still, it would’ve saved you the money.” Karl insisted with a shake of his head. “Oh well, see you later guys. Thanks for coming with us.”

Both Sapnap and Karl bore similarly bright smiles, and George had to dodge another friendly backslap aimed at him from the former, unable to stop himself laughing along with Sapnap when he was too drunk to make it out of reach in time.

Dream snorted at their childish behaviour and nudged encouragingly on George’s elbow, walking them towards the front of the house, both shouting final *bye*’s behind them.

A few other people stopped them on their way out, George fighting back a groan of exasperation at each one. He really didn’t care at that point. He just wanted to go home entangled with his roommate and get screwed into next week. Dream didn’t seem too amused by the fact that they kept getting approached either. Which turned out to be pretty hot, especially when he started getting testy. The hand at George’s elbow morphed into a vice-like grip that George almost wanted to tug on like a child, just to see Dream’s cutting stare thrown in his direction.

They made it past the front door, walking briskly down the driveway to their waiting Uber. Dream opened the back and offered the driver a distracted hello, helping George to get inside and seated properly.

Dream sat down beside him in the back and did his seatbelt. As George was toying with his own, trying to get it to click, he heard Dream reassuring the driver.

“He won’t throw up or anything, don’t worry. He just needs to go to bed.” He explained lightheartedly, easily reciting their address to their Uber.

George’s seatbelt finally clicked as the car broke away from the curb, following the familiar route back to their share-house. George, still feeling restless, risked as many glances over at Dream as he could get away with, the blond watching the road through the windscreen distractedly.

Feeling particularly sassy, George tried scooting closer, navigating his foot towards Dream’s and hooking their ankles together. The younger man glanced at George sharply, but his gaze didn’t linger long.

George frowned. Not really good enough. He wasn’t keen on verbally griping for Dream’s attention, but he’d do it if he had to. Who fucking cares that they had company, George wouldn’t remember the driver’s face in the dark anyway.

He reached out again, this time with his hand, grabbing for purchase on whatever part of Dream was closest. He missed instead, fingertips awkwardly dragging down Dream’s side, catching on the belt loop of his pants. Dream’s body seemed to spasm, spine ramrod-straight, head whipping around to confront George. His green eyes flashed.

In the same moment, Dream’s arm struck out like a snake, grabbing George’s wrist before he could react. The brunet wondered wildly if it would be enough to bruise the area.

The Floridan’s lustful eyes fixed acutely on George. George definitely appreciated that reaction a lot better.

George’s lips parted slightly and the other’s eyes immediately followed the action, eyelids hooding. When his gaze snapped back up to George, his pupils were blown as wide as saucers. George had to drop his head back onto the headrest behind him, mouth still open, breathing past his teeth.

Dream barely shifted his scrutiny away from the brunet after that. There were only a few sparse glances out the front window to check on where they were.

Eventually, the car pulled into the empty area in front of their driveway, and Dream almost yanked off George’s arm in his haste to get out of the vehicle. His hand was clenched around George’s

wrist like a vice, not showing any signs of loosening up, requiring the brunet to shuffle across the backseats to leave from the same door as he had. The titillating excitement George had felt at the party bumped back up through his veins tenfold as the car left behind them and Dream's grip only tightened.

The ride home couldn't have taken more than ten minutes, but it might as well have felt like several ages. Not to mention the whole eternity that seemed to pass between George panting like a dog into his friend's neck and actually getting back to their house to get railed. Hopefully. George really hoped Dream wasn't joking about that part.

Dream finally released George's wrist to unlock the front door, George busy admiring the way his skin was still red from the fucking clamp that was Dream's fingers.

The door creaked open and George hurried through first, immediately throwing his shoes off. He may be half out of his mind from desire and alcohol, but he had got home late and drunk enough times to remember how uncomfortable it was waking up in shoes and socks. Making his way to the kitchen, he blurrily saw Dream do the same from the corner of his eye.

He'd barely put his phone down before Dream's large body roughly shoved him into the kitchen counter.

"George, you are an absolute fucking menace, and I know you know it, dumbass." Dream breathed, face so close to George's that their breaths mingled.

George could smell the guarana Dream had and wondered if his tongue tasted the same way. His face split into a grin as his nose bumped with Dream's.

"I honestly don't give a fuck right now, Dream, I'm so fucking turned on." He laughed breathily before grabbing a fistful of blond hair and crashing their lips together.

George felt himself groan as Dream kissed back immediately. It felt so good to finally have the kind of contact that he'd been wanting from Dream ever since he saw the way he looked lit up by neon pool lights. His fingers clenched and relaxed in Dream's hair, smoothing out and dragging blunt nails lightly across the other's scalp. Dream responded enthusiastically, dragging his teeth across George's lip and leaning into the smaller man.

Large hands instantly found George's waist, gripping his hips so hard that George wondered if he

might end up with bruises on them, too. Dream's mouth moved against his lustfully, assuming the lead and pressing into George so hard he wasn't sure where either of them ended and the other began. George eagerly gave back what he got as best he could, mind still trying to clear the mist brought about by alcohol. They found a rhythm pretty quickly, bouncing off of each other's wavelengths and keeping up what felt good, while dropping what didn't. It was a little sloppy given both of their inebriated states of mind, but it felt terrifyingly natural and as easy as breathing. George almost wondered if it was because they both knew the other so well, already understanding how they thought and moved and ticked, that it carried into making out. It was a funny thought.

Dream pushed closer still, and George felt the hard countertop digging into his lower back, having to lean backwards over it to try and accommodate the discomfort. Dream didn't break apart from him once as he followed, lips hot where they were connecting over and over again.

Eventually George had to readjust, and Dream must have felt this when his kisses began to slow down. The latter grunted, pulling away briefly to bend down and grip the back of George's thighs.

"Hold onto my shoulders." Was all the warning George got before Dream straightened up, hoisting up the other's smaller frame onto the counter.

George crossed his ankles behind Dream's back, calves pulling the solid body in closer. As soon as he was more comfortable Dream swooped back in to recapture his lips, hands remaining perched firmly on George's outer thighs. George's thumbs dug into Dream's collarbones, fingers gripping onto his shoulders.

George felt frankly mad that he had been completely sleeping on the feeling of having his best friend between his legs for several years. Dream was pretty fucking hot, he knew that, and apparently the sentiment was at least somewhat mutual. Part of him secretly hoped that they would do this again when they weren't both piss-drunk.

Wasting no time interrupting George's train of thought, Dream's tongue swiped impatiently across the seam of George's lips, and the brunet immediately opened his mouth to the other. Not wanting Dream to get ahead, George tilted his head to deepen the kiss, tongues sliding together filthily. The brunet shuddered when Dream finally offered him a noise other than a grunt or a hum, the taller man groaning deliciously as George continued to invade his mouth. Rough, hot hands trailed from the brunet's thighs to the side of his knees, then back up his thighs and under his branded hoodie, where George had skipped on wearing a shirt that night.

George was burning in the areas of bare skin that Dream touched, calloused palms gripping and kneading his hips and waist, the former unable to stop the way he gasped into the kiss and arched his body into the sensation. Dream made another small noise of satisfaction and snaked his arms around to George's back, splayed over his ribs.

George bit at Dream's lip, raising a hand to grip his jaw and feeling his light stubble. He traced his thumb along the other's cheekbone, catching gently on the skin. The action coaxed another low noise from Dream, who's right hand slipped down George's body suggestively and stopped at the top of his thigh, thumb digging into the crease between George's leg and body. The brunet felt his cock twitching at the close proximity, straining in his jeans. He kissed Dream's bottom lip hard in encouragement.

When Dream's fingers brushed his hardness, George had to break from their making out to shakily groan against his slick lips. Dream took it as an opportunity to press kisses to the corner of George's mouth, then his cheek, and finally down his jaw, wrist twisting to cup George through his pants and drag his palm firmly down the strained fabric. George shuddered violently, head tipping forward to rest next to his hand that was still holding onto Dream's shoulder like a lifeline, his other one slipping into the soft threads of Dream's hair.

Dream hummed approvingly, sound right by George's ear. The younger man pushed his face into George's neck, biting and sucking harshly at the delicate skin. George gasped helplessly at the feeling, unable to control his hard breathing when the sensation was paired with the pressure on his erection.

Dream was sucking his fourth mark into the space just above George's collarbone when the latter tugged on his hair and pulled the blond back into a crushing kiss. Cold air cooled the spit on his neck.

Shuffling impossibly closer to George on the kitchen counter, their kiss reached a sluggish intermission, Dream wetly disconnecting their lips so they could both catch their breath. A string of spit belatedly broke between them as George panted heavily, resting his forehead against Dream's. Dream pulled his hand away from George's crotch, setting it back on his thigh.

"Fuck." The brunet exhaled.

Dream recoiled as he barked out breathy laughter that sounded beautiful so close to George's face. George couldn't help but smile, too. The atmosphere between them seemed to pause and settle feather-lightly around them like slow-falling dust.

Eventually both calming down, George cleared his throat.

"I'm pretty sure I recall you saying you were going to fuck me into my mattress. As great as this is,

I think Sapnap would be pissed if he heard we fucked on the kitchen counter. And without even inviting him, either.”

The last part was said mainly as a joke to see how Dream would react, a play that George felt very proud of his drunk brain for.

Dream chuckled, his cheeks flushed red down to his collar.

“I don’t know, the ends justify the means if you ask me.” Dream responded lightly, but something in the tall blond’s eyes flashed over the earlier amusement as he narrowed them pensively.

“Would you want Sapnap here?” Dream’s voice was quiet and completely unreadable.

George didn’t dare break away from his intense gaze, captivated. He spoke barely above a whisper.

“... No. I don’t think I’d be capable of sharing you.” George admitted.

Whatever it was that was shrouding Dream’s expression before lifted gently and he grinned, pulling George forward until he was on the very edge of the granite countertop, their hips just touching. The blond ground forward shamelessly. George groaned, fingers clenching around the fabric of Dream’s shirt.

“Please, I’m too drunk. I can’t justify passing out on a literal slab of rock, no matter how much alcohol I’ve had beforehand.”

Dream immediately fell into another fit of wheezes. The sight was almost overwhelming to watch, George’s heart swelling as he took in the way his best friend’s eyes crinkled when he laughed.

When he calmed down, Dream’s grin had lessened, but his smile was still predatory. He pretended to hum thoughtfully.

“Alright, another time, then.” Dream leant in close, cheek pressing up against George’s, voice close to the shorter’s ear.

George's nerves were instantly shot through with gratification, and his dick twitched at the insinuation of there being a *next* time. Sentences failed him, his tongue too heavy to form a reply.

"I'll assume that reaction was a positive one." He murmured, licking the shell of George's ear, breath unbearably hot.

The brunet moaned brokenly, tilting his head to bare his neck on display coyly, in hopes of tempting the other's teeth and tongue.

"Fuck. Okay," The blond exhaled sharply, breathing something that sounded suspiciously along the lines of *you're gonna fucking kill me like this, Georgie*.

Then Dream's broad hands were digging into the skin under George's thighs again, the muscles in George's legs clenching around the other's waist reflexively as he was slid off the counter and pulled flush against the hard edges of Dream's solid frame. A pitiful whimper escaped him when the action resulted in Dream's own hardness being pressed into his ass. George let his head fall into the crook of Dream's shoulder with a strangled gasp. His jeans were confining his erection uncomfortably. His pants needed to come off before his arousal started causing him genuine pain.

"Jesus, please hurry," The brunet whimpered.

Luckily, Dream seemed to understand the problem and walked with large strides towards George's room at the end of the hall.

Pushing the half-opened door with his foot, Dream stepped inside and dropped to his knees on the end of George's bed, one arm coming up to wrap around the smaller man's frame to support his weight, setting him down gently on the top of the duvet, a bizarre paradox to the fervidity of their previous ministrations. Dream sat up, pulling his hands away to rest them on George's knees as he sat hunched over the other man.

"You okay, Georgie?" He murmured gently, leaning down to bump his nose with the aforementioned. George felt that a lot of their smaller actions that night felt strangely unorthodox for two supposed friends who were merely drunk and hooking up.

George raised his lidded eyes to seek out Dream's, mouth parted slightly and breath coming out in gasps. Impulsively slipping a hand from Dream's shoulder up to his cheek, George slotted their

mouths together again. The kiss was a lot slower and more controlled than their previous ones, but no less impactful. It only lasted a few moments before George broke away again and hurried to undo the button of his jeans. Dream, taking note of the action, sat back on his haunches and offered a hand in tugging George's pants off.

Once the restrictive clothing was gone and dropped somewhere on his bedroom floor, George was left in just his boxers and his grey Supreme hoodie. He sighed heavily with relief at finally being freed from the unwanted restriction.

Dream exhaled sharply, hand running through his hair, mussing up the thick blond tresses even more than George had when they first kissed. George fought to keep himself from squirming as the hand came down to meet the skin of his waistline, pushing upwards at the soft grey fabric of the brunet's hoodie, letting it bunch up beneath George's armpits – the blond openly staring at the newly exposed expanse of pale skin. Deep green eyes raked over George's stomach, his heaving chest and ribs, his tented boxers, and across long, unmarred legs. It felt as if Dream were memorising each and every dip and groove of George's body. The thumb of Dream's other hand stroked across George's hip soothingly.

Despite how horny he was, George was able to appreciate the way his chest felt like it was on the brink of bursting with the realisation of just how much he loved and trusted his best friend, to be lying half-naked and allowing himself to be ogled at shamelessly. Dream's eyes remained trained on him, dark and hooded.

Unsure if the article of clothing now bunched at his sternum was getting in the way, George slowly moved to take it off, but Dream's hand quickly snatched his wrist, effectively stopping him.

"No, leave it," Dream breathed, licking his lips. "You look... good like this." It was pretty dark, but George thought he could see red dusting across the planes of the blond's face. He almost looked... shy.

George tried not to linger on it, instead focusing on the soft compliment that left a trail of simmering contentedness in his chest.

"O-okay," George's face burned. "Please, then, hurry up. I need you." He pleaded, legs crossing behind the small of Dream's back, trying to pull him closer. Dream was far stronger than George even while drunk it seemed, because he just held himself at literal arm's-length, pushing lightly at the brunet's knees.

"Hang on, George, I still have my pants on." He chuckled.

George tried not to squirm as Dream got up, shucking off his pants and then pulling his shirt over his head in the next moment. George's toes curled with the effort to restrain himself from physically reaching out and running his hands over all of the newly displayed areas of Dream's lean body that he could reach. Even though they were both drunk and George recognised that come tomorrow, there was a very real chance that Dream might not be so interested in him, George still found himself wanting to appeal to Dream as a potential option in the other man's future sex life. More than that, and more than anything else in that moment, George really wanted to be good for Dream.

Dream now stood in the middle of George's room at 1:27 AM on a Saturday, in nothing but his underwear, and looking fine as shit. George was once again having to question his life. Dream turned to George and spoke up.

"You got lube in your room?"

The Brit propped himself up on his elbows, pointing lazily with his foot.

"Duh, top drawer." He coughed. "Uhm, I don't really know if I have condoms or not, though. It's honestly been a while." He admitted, feeling his face go awash with red at the confession.

Dream snorted a laugh, rummaging through his drawer for the lube bottle.

"I know Georgie, it's kinda hard to hide when we live together 24/7, and you've been one of my closest friends for five years already." He responded, but not unkindly.

Finding the small bottle, Dream pulled it out and shut the drawer a little harshly, turning back to the other still flushed and sprawled out on the bed. Dream met George's eyes and crossed the short distance to cup his face gently in his hand.

"Aw, baby, don't look so embarrassed. It's not that big a deal." The blond assured, pressing a quick kiss to George's lips before stepping out of the room. "I've got some in my room, I'll be right back."

George's face immediately flooded with red, trailing down his neck and possibly covering his chest too.

Baby.

He buried his burning face in his hands and shoved aside the motley of feelings that threatened to spill from the use of the stupid pet name. It was too late and he was still drunk, and that seemed like a problem for tomorrow.

Dream returned with a small foil packet in one hand, along with the lube. George tried desperately to force the blood out of his face as Dream approached. He was painfully hard and couldn't help staring at the dark outline of Dream's dick through his boxers, front soaked through with his precum. Jesus Christ.

Striding quickly across the room, Dream dropped the condom and lube on the bedside stand and resumed his previous position kneeling between George's legs. He gently pushed back on the brunet's shoulders to lie him flat on his back, other hand gripping the underside of George's thigh.

"You ready?" Dream checked, eyes sincere and questioning.

George groaned dramatically.

"Yes, dickhead, I've been trying to get your dick up my ass for the last two hours. I'm ready." He impulsively grabbed fistfuls of Dream's shirt and pulled him forward, kissing him squarely on the lips. He felt the other man smile against him before pulling away.

Dream wordlessly straightened up to bring a hand between George's legs, palming his hard cock through his boxers, drawing a strangled sound from the brunet. George badly wanted to take over and shove back at the blond, but Dream's marginally better ability to retain self-control while drunk was becoming increasingly more obvious.

"Dream."

"You really make a lot of noises." Dream hummed approvingly, dragging the heel of his palm teasingly across George's erection.

George deliberated complaining again, but the thought was cut off by the movement of Dream

yanking his boxers down, watching George's cock bob against his stomach and blindly throwing the offending article of clothing somewhere behind them. Dream's eyes stared at George hungrily, and he finally, finally took the brunet in his hand, stroking once slowly, thumb immediately finding the leaking tip and smearing copious amounts of precum across his fingers. George's knuckles turned white where he gripped the sheets painfully.

"D-Dream--"

Dream looked at him with lust-blown eyes, grinning as he watched George slowly unravel.

"You look really fucking hot like this, George. I should've been getting you off years ago." His voice was the slightest bit slurred.

George choked out a sob at the praise. Dream made a small noise of satisfaction.

"Do you like compliments, Georgie?" The hand began picking up its pace on his cock, just on the wrong side of not fast enough. Dream bent down over George and brushed their lips together teasingly. "Because I'm so happy to compliment you. You look absolutely stunning under me."

George panted, heels digging into the mattress. He canted his hips upwards to try and get more friction, but Dream immediately pulled off his weeping dick. George almost wanted to throttle the blond, but it quickly returned covered in lube. Dream's other hand tightened at the back of George's thigh, gently nudging his knees apart. Dream's fingers that were coated in lube dragged along the inside of his thigh and down to George's ass, balls resting in the blond's palm. When his first finger pushed past the taught ring of muscle, George's mind blanked out pleasantly.

Dream thrustled slowly into the tight heat, fingers dragging along silky walls, slippery from the generous amount of lube Dream had drenched them with. George could tell the other was trying to be careful with him when he added a second finger, allowing George ample time to adjust properly before continuing to stretch him. When George nodded at him to continue, he began pistoning his fingers in and out of George's ass at a steadier speed, the brunet's eyes screwed shut with the effort to keep calm.

Just as his body was starting to relax into the feeling, Dream curled his fingers and stroked ruthlessly across his prostate. George's eyes flew open and his jaw went slack, staring up at the ceiling, unfocused.

“Dream...” He managed to breathe out, back arching into the other’s hand. “A-again.” He felt pathetic, begging for the other man’s touch.

Dream was watching him carefully, eyes holding that same lucidity George had seen in them hours ago. He rubbed back and forth against George’s prostate again, and the latter’s knees fell open as his muscles gave up on continuously holding them upright.

“Please, I’m ready, Dream,” The brunet rasped brokenly, grinding his hips back into the other’s hand. “Please fuck me.”

Dream shook his head, not breaking eye contact.

“Not yet, George.” His voice was as smooth as silk. “Just be patient, please Georgie? I don’t want to hurt you.”

There were a few sluggish seconds that ticked by wherein nothing really changed, until George felt Dream gently spreading his ass with a third finger. His back arched off the bed into the touch, hole burning from the way it awkwardly stretched around hard knuckles. Breathless sounds continued tumbling from George’s lips uncontrollably.

“Good boy, let me hear you.” Dream muttered, and George keened at the introduction of yet another pet name.

Once Dream seemed to notice George calming down and his trembling subside, the other man picked up his pace again, harshly thrusting his long fingers in and out of the brunet. It didn’t take long for him to rediscover George’s p-spot, stroking across the sensitive nerves with every forward motion. George thrashed on the bed, eyes shut tightly in intense pleasure. He knew though, that the sensation alone was not enough to make him cum, leaving him toeing the edge but never quite fully reaching it. He choked out a sob.

He thought he heard Dream moaning quietly, his fingers stilling, the sound blurry as George tried valiantly to open his eyes and watch the blond’s expression. He was not disappointed in the way Dream’s eyes were shut tight and his eyebrows furrowed in what appeared to be an impressive display of self-restraint. Unfortunately though, George wasn’t the least bit interested in self-restraint from Dream right then.

“Dream, please, I’m begging you,” George tried again, chest heaving and his dick unbearably hard.

Dream's eyes opened dazedly, glazed over as he stared fixated at George. George tried not to squirm under the attention again. He felt lips brush his jaw with gentle mitigating.

"Breathe, George." The blond requested softly, voice analeptic.

George felt Dream pull away slightly as he grabbed a pillow, tugging it closer and helping lift George's hips to arrange it suitably underneath him. Hips now elevated, Dream shuffled forward between the brunet's legs, stroking himself slowly. Dream brought his lips back to the other's face again, nosing his cheek and pressing feather-light kisses across his pink blush. George felt his heart buckle algedonically. It was disgustingly poetic.

George watched, captivated, as Dream broke away to grab the foil condom package and tear it open, wasting no time rolling it on and slicking himself up in lube. He leaned back in close again.

"I'm still going to go slow at the start until it's less uncomfortable for you." Dream placed a kiss (and George tried not to think of it as *lovingly*) against his cheekbone, nose bumping lightly by the corner of his eye. "I'll be fucking damned if I hurt you, George."

Dream's voice sounded uncharacteristically raw, words spoken so fragilely against the brunet's skin that he wondered if he was even meant to hear it. His mind swam as it fought to keep up.

George shuddered as the head of Dream's cock poked at his ass, slowly pushing into the softening ring. George tensed his calves, the action resulting in the blond being drawn in closer, and George felt every micro-movement as Dream's length slipped past the tight ring of muscle, his puckering hole aiding in pulling the rest of the thickness in. They both groaned simultaneously as Dream continued to slowly push his dick the remainder of the way into his roommate's ass. George's eyes slid shut, blissed-out, his body simmering with heat at the feeling of being so amazingly filled.

When the blond finally sheathed himself fully in George's ass, their hips pressed flush together, he let out a shaky exhale. If George thought they had been close before, pressed against the kitchen counter, then he never would have been able to imagine the way he felt now, so physically coalescent with the other. He had to take a moment to catch his breath, thighs aching from how badly they were shaking. His hole stretched almost uncomfortably. Fervently, George wondered if he should have been more patient with Dream while he was being prepped earlier, the fullness of the blond's cock in him borderline unbearable.

Dream appeared to share the sentiment, fingers tightening on George's hips.

“Jesus fucking hell, you are so tight, George.” He moaned, sound reverberating in George’s chest and dick. George breathed heavily for a moment before finding the strength to reply.

“Give me a sec,” He inhaled sharply.

Dream’s hands instantly loosened on George’s hips, but it felt as though his palms were shaking almost imperceptibly against George’s skin. Despite the obviously forced laxness, Dream still rubbed a thumb soothingly on George’s stomach. As the two sat in the darkness of George’s room, nothing could be heard for a few minutes save for their breathing and a single lonely car passing on the outside road.

Then George bit his lip and shifted slightly, testing that the sensation had lost its painful edge. The muscles in his legs burned numbly from prolonged tension. After checking that the brunet was okay to move – and receiving an enthusiastic response – Dream’s fingers tightened at his waist and he thrust experimentally, eliciting a startled noise from the brunet. George’s back crooked shallowly as he tried to feebly fuck back into the other man’s dick.

“M-more, please.” His breath hitched.

Dream complied easily, thrusting his hips into the brunet a second time. George felt on the precipice of complete cognitive shutdown, but he never wanted Dream to stop, eyes shut tight and muscles coiled achingly taught. He arched his back further, messing with the angle only slightly, knees opened wide.

“You sure you’re okay?” Dream’s voice rang out, husky, but soft and inviting.

George just panted, unable to form words in response. His head spun. Dream’s demeanour changed within a fraction of a second.

“George.” The blond’s resonating voice inflected dangerously, calloused hand tugging on George’s chin to force his eye contact. George took the hint quickly, opening his eyes as best he could to gaze mistily at the blond, chest heaving with the effort to control his breathing.

“Use your words, baby.” Dream grunted, punctuated with a slow grind of his hips.

Vision blurring, George floundered to pull together as much of a full sentence as he could manage, laughably unsuccessful.

“Yes, yes I’m- ah- okay, please Dream,” He broke off with a gasp, blush drowning his face with violent reds. Unfortunately, Dream didn’t let him off the hook so easily.

“Please what, George? Tell me.” He rolled his hips harsher. George’s mind felt fuzzy.

“Fuck! Please *fuck* me, you idiot, I can’t-” The words were barely out of his mouth before Dream grunted, hands on George’s hips helping him pull out almost completely before drawing the both of them together and driving his dick deep inside the other’s ass. George’s mouth fell open soundlessly as he clenched around Dream’s cock, the movement stimulating his prostate.

George could feel waves of dizzying pleasure building up throughout his body, Dream establishing a dominating pace against him. Cut-off sounds of gratification punctuated every other thrust as George shakily raised his arms above his head, flattening his palms against the headboard, pushing harder into Dream. His skin felt feverish under his cotton hoodie.

George was left feeling once again like he couldn’t adequately distinguish where the lines of the other’s body started and his ended.

Obscene sounds of flesh colliding and slick gyrating filled the room, and George felt like his body was teetering on the verge of combustion from how badly he was blushing. Hot lips pressed to his neck, darkening the marks already mottling the skin under his jaw. George turned his head sharply into the sheets, baring his neck shamelessly for the other, dignity long thrown out the proverbial window.

Dream’s rhythm faltered slightly as he diverted some of his concentration to George’s neck, teeth digging methodically into his skin, tongue sweeping over each bite mark to soothe the sting. When Dream pulled away with a final wet kiss to the brunet’s collarbone, George saw his chance, darting a hand out to reach for the other’s cheek, pulling him back in and recapturing his swollen lips. Dream responded likewise, pushing eagerly into George with his tongue and teeth. George kept Dream’s mouth trained on his as long as he could before he was forced to break away for air.

When Dream pulled further away from him, he looked utterly ruined; it was so beautiful and so unfair. Pale moonlight spilled in from George’s window and softly illuminated half of his face, including his slick lips and the dark lashes that framed his spaced-out eyes. George had a suspicion his own face didn’t look half as ethereal and his cheeks warmed self-consciously.

Before George took the opportunity to do something stupid, like count Dream's freckles like a tragic fool, the latter leaned back, unintentionally showcasing his lean body to George. The new angle hit deeper inside the brunet and he choked on a pathetic moan, the arm that had been valiantly holding him steady on the headboard buckling, instead replacing the smooth wood with rumpled sheets, gripping tightly enough to leave indents from his nails through the fabric. His cock was trailing a light sheen on his stomach from where it smeared precum with each thrust.

He breathily moaned Dream's name, the blond responding in kind with a drawn-out groan. One of his rough, hot hands unclamped from George's hip and curled around his cock, stroking unsteadily at the same moment Dream's dick dragged brutally against the brunet's prostate. George cried out loudly, the burning pleasure shocking him to his core, crossed ankles digging into the small of Dream's back out of reflex, fervently attempting to be as close as tangibly possible to the other.

Dream's pace evened out against the brunet, eventually aligning his hips and his fist so that they were moving in tandem, bringing George tumbling rapidly closer to the edge. The pleasure that had been gradually crescendoing suddenly began tearing through him at a violent pace, and George abruptly recognised that he was probably several seconds away from his orgasm becoming unpreventable. He hurriedly tried to open his mouth to warn Dream, but when he did, all that tumbled out of his mouth was utter nonsense.

Dream's eyes remained zeroed on George as he fucked him relentlessly into the mattress, and then George's vision unfocused as the blond began stroking across his tip with every forward movement. The heat shifted into a consuming forest fire, blistering his nerves and body all at once. Static buzzed along the edges of his mind and he breathlessly moaned out Dream's name, white ropes of cum streaking across his stomach and the other's fingers, arching his body sharply into the fist, riding out what felt like the longest orgasm of his life. Dream continued pounding into the brunet until George was sore and overstimulated, gasping for air. Foggily, he registered the moment that Dream must have cum, his thrusts going erratic and shaky.

As the high plateaued, teetered and then slowly fizzled out, the world groggily came back into focus, and George realised he could feel Dream's damp forehead resting against his shoulder, hot breaths scorching his skin. They were breathing equally hard, George feeling like he'd run a marathon.

As George was lingering in the afterglow, exhaustion crashed into him all at once, and he was suddenly hit with the familiar post-sex sensations of painful yet pleasant aching throughout his body, micro tremors tingling what felt like every single one of his numb muscles.

He wasn't ambitious enough, nor did he yet have the energy to move his limbs, so he opted to bravely try opening his eyelids, seeing as they were generally the easiest body part to hold up.

While George was fighting to keep open his stubborn eyes, he felt Dream pull away, loud breaths still coming from the younger man. Slowly, carefully, he pulled out from George, the brunet wincing from the mild overstimulation. Neither of them said anything as Dream moved to tie his condom and throw it half-heartedly towards the trash. George was so wrapped up in the blissful post-orgasm waves that curled gently over him that when he belatedly noticed Dream walking out of his room, ass-naked, all he felt was ice cold dread washing over his bones.

Well, shit.

George couldn't help but wonder if that meant Dream regretted it already. It didn't sound like something he'd do, but the other still felt anxiety creep up. Antsy, George shifted on the covers of his now very messy bed, feeling slightly embarrassed that he was still stuck there until he somehow gained enough energy to move his thoroughly fucked-out body. Just as he was weighing the pros and cons of calling out to ask if Dream was okay, the other man stumbled back into view with a damp cloth, a water bottle and what appeared to be a small white packet of painkillers.

Oh my god. His eyes widened. I'm genuinely fucked.

George's breath hitched dumbly as the stupid, soft idiot placed the water and the anti-inflammatories down on the nightstand before settling next to George and getting to work gently wiping his own mess off of him. George felt embarrassment return to his cheeks for the recurring issue of not being able to move in order to do anything himself.

Dream cooed softly at him, being so damn gentle that George wanted to shake him or cry, or both. For all the words he knew Dream was speaking to him, his muddled brain couldn't pick up on a single one of them.

I am so absolutely screwed.

It wasn't until the blond set down the cool cloth and cupped George's face with a damp hand that the other's words finally reached George's ears.

"You okay?" His voice was patient. George told himself over and over that his tone wasn't loving.

"Yeah, I'm okay." George pretended his hoarse voice wasn't cracking with every syllable. "Just... Feel like jelly." He explained insightfully.

Dream tried to hide his soft smile by dipping down to meet George's lips, but George could feel the curve of the other's mouth against his own anyway. They stayed like that for a moment, pressed gently into each other, before Dream tentatively broke the silence.

"If you think you can brush your teeth, or at least drink some water, you probably should. You know you'll thank yourself for it in the morning." He didn't pull away, staying close enough for their lips to keep brushing with every word.

George groaned mournfully.

"It'll never happen. I can't fucking move." He slurred, eyes having slipped shut at some point without him fully realising it.

Dream laughed airily, and it sounded distant to George's ears even though he could still feel him, warm and nearby.

"Stay?" He mumbled, almost unintelligibly, but Dream heard him anyway.

"Of course I'll stay. Goodnight, George."

The other's voice grew fainter and fainter as George slipped in and out of the placid realm of sleep. He thought right before mellow mindlessness took over that he heard Dream whisper *love you*, but he was already so far away that George couldn't tell.

Chapter End Notes

This is fully intended to be a work of fiction and it will only remain up for as long as the CC's aren't uncomfortable with it/they say it's okay. pls don't harass them, send this to them or give them any shit like that. :(

Also, super important: I know y'all aren't sleeping on the chapter titles aha so I just wanted to say please DO NOT go to Glass Animals about this fic. I don't think anyone has, but maybe let's keep it that way?? The album is personal to them and I'm not trying to dis that. I just used their music to stay on track when writing, esp hot sugar.

I really struggle with writing but I always have a lot of fun, so I hope you did too.
Thank you so so much for reading <33

Also if you like, feel free to offer some dnf prompts or suggestions in the comments.
I'm not so good at coming up with plot on my own but I do enjoy writing every now and then :)

Edit: oh my goodness, thank you so much for 100 kudos, that's more than double anything I've ever got before, it seriously means a lot to me :(♡ thank u

Edit 2: bruh I can't holy shit is that actually 800 kudos wtf THANK YOU??
Jesus,,,that's so damn cool,,,y'all are actually awesome

Edit 3: YOURE KIDDING. NO WAY

Helium

Chapter Notes

Sorry if you got two notifications for this chapter! I got weird issues trying to upload it. Hopefully it's all good now.

Anyway, I need to learn to shut up <3 sorry about the excessive word count again, I hope it's not off-putting. It's hard to tell.

Enjoy, and thank u for your continued reading. :) love u,,

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Soft purple light filtered through the slats of George's blinds, tinting his room in lavender. He felt mildly disoriented by the washed-out colours of the early morning, greys bleeding together. His head buzzed uncomfortably, but it wasn't unbearable.

The house was silent. Dream slept soundlessly beside him.

Sitting up slowly so as not to aggravate any dormant headaches, George pulled back the covers and swung his legs over the side, feeling the carpeted floor. He shivered, goosebumps raising on his exposed skin in the frigid morning air. Pulling the sleeves of his hoodie down over his hands, he held the hem between his fingers.

His body felt exhausted and relatively gross, but that was pretty standard after drinking. His mouth in particular tasted disgusting. No matter how many times he tried swallowing the stale flavour away, George could still feel it lingering on his palate. He absolutely hated that part about having too much alcohol. Dream was right, it definitely didn't help that he didn't brush his teeth last night.

Face cringing at the nasty taste stubbornly clinging to his tongue, George decided that he might as well go brush his teeth, seeing that he was awake anyway. Maybe drink some water too, before he went back to bed to try getting a little more sleep in.

He wandered silently out of his room, eyes half closed and mourning the loss of the soft carpets as his bare feet met cold hardwood floors. He tiptoed quietly down the halls to the main bathroom, dim night-light plugged into the wall by the countertop. George skipped on flicking on the light switch, knowing how much it would hurt his eyes, but also reluctant to break the fragile mist of the early morning. Yawning sleepily, he pulled out his toothbrush from the holder, squirting on some toothpaste and moving to turn on the tap. His hand faltered on the handle as something dark and splotchy caught his eye.

George's tired eyes widened comically. Looking up, he was confronted with a myriad of deep, purple bruises, mottling his neck and trailing as far down as his collarbone, partially hidden behind his hoodie. He stared in shock at one particular bruise under his jaw that was nearly twice the size of the ones below it. He brought up a cold hand to tentatively touch the skin, trying to recall the feeling of a certain blond's warm lips and rough teeth enthusiastically assaulting the area. His memory had blurred faintly overnight, after most of the effects of the alcohol had passed through his system, but he could vividly remember how it'd felt to be pulled apart by Dream.

Red flooded his face and he felt warm all over despite the cold tiles under his feet and the minimal presence of clothing covering him. He brought his toothbrush to his mouth, eyes unable to pull away from the marks littering his neck. Something about their significance struck wild and untapped in the brunet. They looked like small brands, bitten into his skin with almost tangible possessiveness. He shuddered and tried to focus solely on scrubbing the grime from his mouth.

Distractedly, he managed to thoroughly clean his teeth, rinsing as much of the rancidness out as possible with water and mouthwash afterwards. Packing his toothbrush back into its case and returning it to the holder, George unhurriedly relieved himself in the toilet and washed his hands before exiting the bathroom to scavenge for a glass of water. He reached the empty kitchen, eyes automatically finding the spot by the counter that he made out against with his best friend. His phone was still sitting innocuously on the granite top where he'd set it down the night before.

Right before being ravished, his mind supplied. Right, thank you, brain.

George shook himself and pulled a glass from the cupboard, filling it with cold water from the tap. Turning around, he leant back against the edge of the sink lazily, a hand gripping the edge of the countertop beside him. He gulped down his water and tried resolutely not to think of Dream pinning him to the space directly across from him. Dream carrying him to his room, Dream kissing his feverish skin, Dream making him see fucking stars. He refilled his glass with water and downed it even quicker than the first.

He set his empty cup down and scrubbed his hands over his face. What was wrong with him? He'd had sex before, it wasn't as though that part was new. Yet something about it felt inherently different with Dream. Why, though? Why had he reacted the way he did, so amendable and wanting? Not even just physically, but emotionally. Somewhere deep in his mind, it scared him.

He racked his brain for a rational answer, but the more he thought about it, the more lost he felt.

They had been best friends for nearly six years now, and though yes, they hadn't fucked before, George knew that this development ultimately wouldn't change anything about their relationship,

especially their friendship. Things were never awkward with Dream, George knew the man wouldn't have gone into something so head-first if he thought it would negatively impact them in any way. So no, nothing was going to change, and yes, they would still remain friends.

So why should any part about that make George feel... unhappy?

His head throbbed dangerously and his eyes began to hurt as pressure built up behind them. He couldn't cry, the water loss paired with alcohol-induced dehydration would very quickly feel absolutely horrendous. He *wouldn't* cry, he had no reason to. Resolutely, he shoved down his unprecedented, nonsensical feeling of heartache and trudged back to his room, unable to shake the abstract thought that he'd lost something.

Dream was still sleeping peacefully when George returned, face squished into his pillow. Naturally, Dream made the sight look charming. George's heart tugged and he angrily wiped his eyes. He uselessly tried to fight the way his body trembled faintly, shaky breath escaping his lungs.

As he was pulling back on the blankets, he noticed, with dull embarrassment, the water bottle that was already on his nightstand.

Whatever, he pointlessly sulked, hands dropping in his lap.

Movement sounded from behind him as the sheets rustled, Dream's croaky voice breaking the early morning silence.

"George?"

Even deep and rusty from sleep, his voice sounded like home.

George tried not to snifle in response. He hadn't meant to wake the other. Dream made a noise of mild confusion, apparently sensing that something wasn't right, and then George felt warm arms wrapping around his waist, gently encouraging him to lay down. Dream pulled George's body closer, tucking him into the space right under the blond's chin. His chest felt solid and safe against the brunet's back. George's weak body gave in almost immediately to the comfort, grabbing Dream's hand in his own and feeling their arms linked together. He hated the thought of the sun rising in that moment.

With the soft timbre of Dream's heartbeat against his wrist, and gentle breath mussing the strands of his hair, George was dragged drearily back into the numb lull of sleep.

When he woke up the second time, bright yellow sunlight was scattering across the planes of his room. Blearily, he wiped the sleep from his eyes and felt Dream follow closely behind, announcing his wakefulness with sickly sweet kisses to the back of George's neck.

They stayed like that for a while, content and warm – Dream's arms solid around George as the latter pleasantly drifted back and forth between varying states of consciousness. He clearly hadn't drunk as much as it felt like he did, because although he generally felt pretty seedy, and had no plans to lay out on the water consumption (better safe than sorry), he otherwise didn't have much of a hangover. He voiced this to Dream, who chuckled in response, breath tickling the back of George's neck.

"Well, you drank most of it within the span of like half an hour, of course it fucked you up. We left pretty early though." The blond hummed, nose and lips lightly grazing the other's skin.

George knew he had to talk to the blond about what happened and what it meant, but he felt shivering, ice-cold anticipation wrack his body. Gearing himself up, he floundered to find the right words. In the end, he mostly chickened out, unable to choke out the question he really wanted to ask; *what are we?*

Instead he settled pathetically with, "What... what happens now?"

And because that didn't feel like enough, he lamely added, "Are we... cool?"

He felt Dream pause and then shift against him, silence stretching on worryingly. George's desperation to know what the other was thinking surmounted all other fears, and he braved the act of turning over to look at the other directly. Their faces were close. At first glance, Dream's expression was insouciant and relaxed, but George could see the way his eyes tightened minutely, and for a second George thought he looked incredibly vulnerable. When he spoke, though, George could find nothing wrong.

"Of course George. You're my best friend, and I trust you with anything. That will never change." Dream's voice was impressively clear considering how long ago they'd both woken up.

George felt something in him twinge at the other's phrasing. He felt like there was something important he should say, but he couldn't find the words. His mouth opened and closed a couple times.

"Will we... ever do this again?" Was what came out instead.

Dream reached out and grabbed his hand.

"If you want. As friends." He intertwined their fingers, and George felt the way they shook, so insignificantly he thought he must have imagined it.

"Okay. Best friend." George felt himself smiling. "I'd trust you with anything too, for the record. You're only going to hear that from me once, though."

Dream's face bloomed with mirth, impossibly bright. He leaned forward to press a kiss to George's lips. It was pretty gross, since they both tasted like stale alcohol, but George had never cared less about anything in his life.

"Of course." He mumbled against the brunet. George eagerly covered Dream's mouth with his own again, their lips moving in tangent for a long, undefinable moment. George pulled away a final time.

"Does this make us friends with benefits?"

Dream wheezed in that stupid way he does. George felt his throat tighten at the direction their conversation had taken. He resolutely felt as though he wasn't as happy as he maybe should be.

"If you want to label it like that, sure."

George gave a halfhearted shrug with the shoulder that wasn't squished into the mattress and Dream swooped in to recapture his lips. They pressed back and forth against each other, unhurried in the timeless morning, a bold contradiction to all of the kisses they'd shared earlier in the near pitch-black of George's bedroom.

Dream hummed contentedly and tilted George's head back with a firm hand to access his neck again. He really seemed obsessed with it.

Speaking of, George was reminded of what he'd seen in the mirror earlier, in the hazy morning light.

"Did you see what you did, dumbass?" He said, intentionally speaking like one would to a misbehaving dog. "Come see."

He gently nudged the other away from him, fingers lingering on Dream's shoulder. George brought his other arm up to point at the marks he knew were on his neck, each mottled shape essentially memorised in his brain.

"Look what you fucking did." George huffed incredulously, watching all of Dream's morphing expressions sweep by.

The blond's face settled and split on a wide grin, as he stared at the other's marbled skin. A wheeze tumbled out of him before he crumbled into a fit of laughter, clearly having been caught off guard at George's tone.

"Stop *laughing!* You did this, idiot! What the fuck am I supposed to do about these? I can't hide them, they're fucking *everywhere!*" George lamented, but even he couldn't deny that seeing Dream laugh made him giggle too.

This only made Dream wheeze harder for a moment before he brought a hand up and lightly grazed the marks with his fingers. George shivered under the touch. Dream's face glowed.

"Damn, this one is actually pretty impressive."

"You're the biggest dumbass, I actually hate you." George retaliated, incredulous.

Dream spiralled into more uncontrollable bouts of laughter, and George decided that he really liked the way his best friend's eyes crinkled at the corners. When they both eventually calmed down, Dream raised his eyes to meet George's and the atmosphere in the room tempered pleasantly. They remained like that for a while, just looking at each other softly. The air hummed, subtle and ardent.

“I don’t think you do.” Dream’s mouth pulled up, but this time was softer, and much more reserved. George revelled in it.

“Oh really? Care to share why you think so?”

Dream could tell that George was just trying to reel him in, but he continued to regard George with a sweet passiveness, soft eyes dangerously threatening George’s ability to quell his emotions before they boiled over.

“‘Cause I know so, Georgie.” He said and leaned forward to peck a kiss to the end of George’s nose.

“So confident.” George resisted the urge to roll his eyes, cheeks burning from smiling for so long.

It was such a stupid, childish conversation, but George was luxuriating in its mindlessness. Everything was so easy with Dream. The blond moved back down to George’s mouth, leaving no skin on his lips unkissed. Everything had never felt more right. More as it should be.

Later, after they’d killed a half hour by just trading sweet kisses and talking about mundane things, George found himself sitting hunched over the dining table, mindlessly scrolling through his phone as Dream prepared them breakfast, now mostly dressed in clean clothes. George was similarly covered, but was too lazy to get farther than just slipping on a new pair of boxers. Dream had laughed about it, grabbed his ass while they made out against the counter, and now here they were, about to sit down and eat breakfast together.

It was so sickeningly domestic, but for some reason that made George want to smile.

Suddenly two plates were placed on the table in front of him and George hurriedly moved out of the way, sitting upright. Dream took a seat next to him, and was humming absentmindedly as he alternated between texting on his phone and shovelling egg into his mouth. George caught himself staring at the blond’s serene expression, and hastily brought his water bottle to his mouth to hide his blush.

“Sapnap said he’ll be home soon. Didn’t elaborate more than that, though, and immediately went offline.” Dream spoke up mildly.

George pulled his drink bottle away from his face to see that he'd almost downed half of it. He nodded along, screwing on the lid and setting it down.

"Sapnap's idea of 'soon' holds no weight whatsoever, so he could pretty much be home whenever."

Dream laughed jovially and George wanted to pull at his own hair in frustration. Fuck these feelings that kept bubbling up out of nowhere, for no reason. His chest had no right whatsoever to feel tight whenever the other man did anything remotely endearing.

As the two of them were bickering over who would clear the dirty plates (in which George won, darting to the kitchen before the other could stop him) George heard the door unlock and Sapnap let himself in.

"Honeys, I'm home." Sapnap's flippant call came from the hallway, right before the man himself appeared in the entry of the kitchen.

"And I'm just gonna preemptively start talking really obnoxiously in case either of you wanna make dumb comments about how late—"

Sapnap immediately paused over the threshold and stared at George. George blinked back.

Owlishly, Sapnap turned his head to look at Dream. George would have laughed at his bewildered expression if he weren't so confused himself. Sparing a glance at the blond showed him bearing a similar look of misunderstanding.

Finally, Sapnap broke the silence, face back to being trained on the brunet.

"George. What the *fuck* is on your neck? What the fuck? Am I fucking dumb or did those get there after Dream took you home?" His eyes flicked down and he immediately recoiled. "Why aren't you wearing *pants*, for god's sake!"

George felt his face explode with heat, which, *why* must it be so susceptible to that? Immediately, Dream burst into long, drawn-out wheezes that sounded incredibly unhealthy. The awkward, stilted

atmosphere was broken in an instant, and both George and Sapnap watched the scene, trying hard to keep straight faces. The latter still looked mildly like he was about to malfunction, but his relaxed demeanour betrayed his real feelings towards the situation.

“What? Am I wrong? Did you fucking give George *hickeys*, Dream?” Sapnap enunciated.

Dream was struggling to breathe, slumped against the hardwood table, laughter wracking his body even harder. He tried speaking several times, and failed every one, only clutching at his stomach tightly. George couldn’t help but giggle fondly at Dream’s ridiculousness. Sapnap’s attention immediately snapped back to him.

“George?” Sapnap had a renewed look of perplexion on his face, head tilted as he regarded the brunet shrewdly. Reddening further under the scrutiny, George hid his face in his hands with a groan.

“Someone, I don’t care who, just answer me, oh my god.” Sapnap sounded strangled.

George really didn’t want to answer, mainly because thinking about the things he and Dream did and said at 1 AM made his stomach flutter and somersault.

Mercifully, Dream came to his rescue, calming down enough to distract Sapnap from George’s silence. The blond’s voice rasped and it sounded like he was having a lot of trouble, but eventually Dream managed to string a few basic words together.

“Sorry, I– *hah*– I’m good now, I’m good, holy shit. You’re *such* a dramatic, dude, fucking hell.” He trailed off with a wheeze and a cough. “Sorry. Uh, yeah, that was me. Um. I don’t know how much you really wanna know, honestly...?” His voice pitched with genuine questioning at the end. *What an idiot.*

Sapnap looked mortally scandalised, head shaking frantically.

“No. No, it’s okay, I could go without a description. But thank you.” He ran a hand through messy dark hair. “Christ, you two are goddamn freaks.”

Dream tried desperately to stifle huffs of fresh laughter. George rolled his eyes.

“Don’t be mad you weren’t invited, Sapnap. It doesn’t look good on you.” The brunet teased jokingly.

Sapnap snorted in disbelief.

“Whatever, idiot. You’re both fucking nimrods, but I’m happy for whatever the fuck this development is supposed to be.”

Neither Dream nor George seemed particularly forward on clarifying what that development actually was, but if Sapnap noticed the way the brief silence created an underlying tension, he didn’t react to it, and nobody brought it up.



Rain tumbled down outside George’s window.

A week had swept by since Dream and George’s first night hooking up. An entire week filled with sweet nothings whispered to each other in the clandestine mornings and sexual highs ridden out in encompassing darkness. A week of kisses stolen sporadically around the house, but never on campus and never in crowded places. A full week of George feeling incomparably, disorientingly lost.

One week in, and George admitted he had a problem. Yes, he may have developed a feeling or two for his best friend. And yes, he was an idiot for thinking he could prevent that epiphany, because it’s been obvious for a long time. But the greatest *problem* with that, was that Dream was George’s best friend of almost six years. They were closer than George had ever been with another human in his life. It seemed like it would be insultingly easy to completely undo everything he’d built with the other man just by saying three inane words. *I love you*, and then five and a half years of the most invaluable friendship George had ever made could crack and wobble, possibly indefinitely.

George had never felt so unsure about anything Dream-related before. All the thinking in the world couldn’t show him an easy solution. He hated that he couldn’t control the way he felt or the outcomes to his situation, and he hated that deep down, it had almost been inevitable. He’d loved Dream for a long time, and it seemed like the only difference now was in how George chose to

recognise that love.

Lightning flashed outside his dark window, a quiet rumble reaching his ears several seconds later.

On one hand, George knew that Dream valued honesty, and would not fault him for telling the truth. But on the other, he was close enough to certain that Dream wasn't interested in George the same way George was interested in him that it kept the Brit from opening his mouth. Truthfully, he knew that while the blond likely wouldn't want to allow an unrequited confession from George to damage their relationship, frankly, George was embarrassed by his own dumb, puppy-love feelings. Dream might laugh it off and pat his back while he awkwardly explained that he didn't feel the same, but the thought of how humiliating that would be made the brunet want to avoid even the *risk* of the scenario at all costs.

So all in all, George had really got himself stuck in a rut. No matter how much he thought about the endless possibilities and outcomes, none of the realistic ones looked particularly good for the brunet.

Awake, but eyes heavy in the dark, George glanced over at the time. 12:37 AM, meaning he had been sitting on the edge of his bed mulling over his recent temperamental complications for over fifty minutes. He sat unmoving, thinking silently to the sound of the rain drumming softly over his bedroom roof.

Dream was in his own room tonight. The sex notwithstanding, their relationship had seemed to change over the last few days in particular, though whether it was in a good, bad or a neutral direction, George was struggling to tell. Dream had been between his sheets more often than not during the times they were both at home, but instead of screwing each other, the past few times they'd mostly just talked.

It was incredibly therapeutic, but it made George feel slightly guilty. He couldn't help feeling like he was taking advantage of Dream by indulging in the other. Their current arrangement was meant to be nothing more than added sex to their existing friendship, no strings attached. George going and falling in love with him really threw a spanner in the works.

Begrudgingly, though, George did understand that no matter how hard it would be, he'd have to figure out a way to come clean to Dream before the situation escalated. Somehow.

Things would probably become strained for a while, but George would make himself get over it, and eventually everything would go back to the way it was. Maybe that would mean that they couldn't sleep together anymore, but George would cope with whatever changes Dream wanted to

implement.

As the static ambiance of the rain began to drown out his thought process, George decided to pull himself out of bed to muse elsewhere, heavy feet dragging through the silent hallways of the house. He found himself standing in the empty kitchen a while later, eyes instantaneously sticking like glue to the same spot where he and Dream had first kissed.

I think I have a problem.

George turned away, hands resting lightly on the thin strip of counter in front of the sink, chest constricting and face hot. Having his heart broken would really suck, but Dream's feelings paramount George's by a lot. George would just... figure it out.

He scrubbed his eyes tiredly, staring out the kitchen window at nothing through the torrents of the passive storm.

George faintly registered the sound of soft footsteps behind him. As the footsteps got undeniably closer in his direction, his stomach dropped and he forced himself not to audibly sigh. He wasn't quite sure he had the energy to talk to either one of the other two residents in the house right then.

"It's just me." Came Sapnap's even voice, just barely a few decibels above the sound of the rainfall. "Can't sleep either?"

George turned his head to regard him and took a steadying breath. He reminded himself strictly not to, under any circumstances, take his frustration out on Sapnap. He may have been fractionally closer to Dream as of late, but Sapnap was still equally tied with title for best friend, and George knew that despite how much they bickered, he valued and cared for Sapnap on a monumental scale.

Frantically, George scraped together all the optimism he could muster.

"Something like that." He mumbled, and he tried, he *really* did, to say more to Sapnap – because the man deserved at least that much – but the words got lost on his tongue. He stared down at the countertop, frowning.

When Sapnap spoke, it was with more patience than George had ever heard from him. It baffled

him to think that he was the one on the receiving end.

“Can I go out on a whim and guess it’s got something to do with Dream?” The other asked.

George scoffed lightly, and because that didn’t feel like not taking his feelings out on Sapnap, he ran a hand through his hair, numb stress clogging his gut.

“It is, but... out of curiosity, what makes you say that?”

Sapnap looked at him with pacifying kindness, and suddenly George came to the realisation that if Sapnap already knew about George’s feelings for Dream, then it was likely he’d known the longest out of anyone. He was sharp as a tack when it came to both his and Dream’s emotional needs, and terrifyingly pensive when a situation regarded something important, such as his friends’ well-being. He really was too good at his position of best friend.

“Well, for starters, you’re fucking now. That kind of came out of nowhere. But you’ve also seemed to have a bit of an attitude change lately, ever since this weird thing between you two started.”

George stared at him for a long moment, overexerting to dissect the words.

“What attitude is that?” He eventually asked, hesitant.

Sapnap shrugged and looked at him placatingly.

“Nothing bad. You actually seem happier. Who knew Dream sex was a fucking cure-all.”

George felt his face flush darkly and resisted the urge to shove his friend, settling with an indignant *shut up* instead. Sapnap laughed and the tension eased slightly, giving George a chance to breathe. Tentatively, as if trying to preserve the subdued moment, Sapnap carried on quietly.

“I know you try and hide it, but...” He seemed to choose his words carefully. “George, do you... do you like Dream?”

The unspoken *more than a friend* hung in the air, but it didn't need to be specified.

The quiet background noise of the rain was the only thing that sounded back in the open area, and George bitterly mulled that his own silence was answer enough.

Sapnap slowly exhaled, and George faintly caught how he gave a tiny nod of understanding in the dark. They both spared a moment to visibly search for a way to continue the conversation, but Sapnap ultimately beat him to it by a landslide. George's brain was completely useless, it wasn't putting one sentence together.

"I've noticed for a while, how you act around him. I wasn't sure at first, I thought maybe that was just how you expressed yourself to Dream, but last week was quite the catalyst that led to a lot of dots being joined." Sapnap eventually explained.

George sighed at being found out so effortlessly by the other man. It was pretty much exactly what George had expected he was going to say, but hearing it somehow made him feel worse, like having other people acknowledge it gave it much more weight. He just wanted the stone in his heart to move on.

Sheepishly meeting Sapnap's eye, George could see that the other man was patiently waiting for him to speak, expression morphing to one of benign encouragement once he noticed the brunet's gaze. With numb tension clawing at his brain, George ran a hand through his hair again and tried to come up with something to say, but his mouth might as well have been filled with cotton. Sapnap had a look of expectancy though, so he reluctantly forced himself to grasp at as many basic words as he could think of.

"I... I don't know what to do. Sapnap, I *really* like him. It's— it's not just 'fucking' to me anymore." He swallowed, faintly abashed by how stupid he sounded, trying to stop the way his voice cracked. "I know what I should do, but it's— I'm scared. I just... feel stuck, and it's the worst. I wish it was easier." He finished, shoulders slumping with the weight of his worries finally being put out in the open.

George knew he was possibly being a little dramatic, but his budding feelings of anxiety and frustration that he couldn't get a grip on were very real, and having his other best friend there, unjudging and listening to him ramble with sympathy was something he was immensely grateful for.

Sapnap let George have a moment to collect his thoughts, silently offering him the opportunity to get more off his chest. Another brief flash illuminated both their faces for a split second, thunder

rolling distantly, but the tumbling sound of rain was almost silent now.

“Am I working this up to more than it needs to be?” George meekly whispered.

Sapnap shrugged subtly.

“Possibly. If it’s really tearing you up this much, then that only makes it more important that you talk to Dream about it, like, soon. I think you’re undermining who he already is to you, and I get that’s because of fear, but I really think that getting it over with as soon as possible will be the easiest option. Isn’t that what you’re looking for?” Blue-grey eyes searched George’s imploringly.

Sapnap had a point. George knew that. He hated to admit it, but it really would be easier the quicker he got it over with, like ripping a bandaid off.

“You... you aren’t worried this will change our friendship? For all three of us?” George asked, the words tingling his mouth. If losing Dream was terrifying, then losing Sapnap at the same time would ruin him.

But Sapnap’s eyes just gleamed, and a ghost of a smile threatened his expression.

“No. Not at all. I don’t think anything will change when the three of us are involved, but that’s only because I see how you two interact every day.” Sapnap seemed to pause and glance away as if weighing up his next words, chewing his bottom lip thoughtfully.

“Look, I’m gonna tell you something, George, but I’m going to leave it up to you to decide what it means.”

Sapnap watched George seriously for a moment, gravity bleeding into his words.

“I get it, George, because I’d be scared shitless in your shoes, too. But fuck, I don’t think you quite understand how much Dream loves you. That idiot would literally walk across burning coals for you if you asked. All of your worries are in your head.” He finished, still looking at George with underlying urgency, like he could make the Brit understand through eye contact alone.

George glanced away for a moment and considered those words, eyebrows furrowed in thought.

“How can you be so confident that it’s going to work out so... ideally?” He gestured jerkily.

Sapnap’s face bore that vague facsimile of a grin again.

“Like I said, I’ve seen how you two interact.”

With that, the raven-haired man sauntered over to the cupboard, grabbed a box of cereal seemingly at random, and headed out of the kitchen without a bowl or milk to go with it. Weirdo.

“I honestly think you’re just hurting yourself by overthinking it. I’ve given you all the advice I can really offer right now – the ball’s in your court, Georgie. Go get your mans.” Sapnap shot him a final beaming grin and a salute before disappearing down the hall to his room.

George stared at his retreating form for a moment, trying to catch up with the last thirty seconds of dialogue. Jesus Christ, how Sapnap managed to switch between moods like that, George hadn’t a damn clue. He belatedly noticed the rain had reached an intermission, sprinkling lazily outside.

Scrubbing his hands over his face, George decided he’d had enough of standing around in the kitchen, doing nothing but moping and pitying himself. Distracted by his thoughts and the information provided by Sapnap, he wandered back to his room, kicking open his door a little harsher than necessary and flopping dramatically onto his bed.

George hardly knew what to think. He rarely ever heard Sapnap speak to him with so much assertiveness and surety of his words. It made George want to believe him, and strangely enough, he thought he was actually beginning to, just a bit. And the thing was, George knew he trusted Sapnap completely to tell the truth to him, the other man was incredibly loyal to his best friends and treated their emotional conflicts more seriously than he did even his own. But could it really be so simple? Was he being unnecessarily hard on himself?

Only the rain could answer him, soft and calming. Lightning flashed.



Three days later, and George still hadn't said anything to Dream.

He'd tried to, he *really* did, but he'd get so nervous and jittery every time they were alone that even when he was given chance after chance to confess, he just couldn't get the words out. It was seriously becoming a problem. Three days later, George knew it was borderlining ridiculous. They needed to talk, but George just kept chickening out.

Which is why he was very surprised when Dream beat him to it.

They were standing in the kitchen, George by the stove, monitoring their dinner as it seared in a pan. Sappnap had just left to go to Karl's when Dream had quietly padded up behind him, stopping at the island.

"George, we need to talk."

George had barely put the spatula down before the other continued.

"I don't think I can keep doing this. Having sex I mean, just for the fun of it. Don't get me wrong, it's great, *you're* great, and I understand that it was something we both agreed on, but... George, I—I mean, you're my best friend but I..." He trailed off, running a hand through his hair the way he always did when confronted by strong or conflicting emotions.

George felt frozen as he waited with bated breath. Something about the way Dream's speech inflected caught and held George's full attention hook, line and sinker. Dangerous hope flickered lamely in his chest.

"... But?" He prompted quietly.

Dream took a shaky breath and met with dark eyes. George was taken aback by the blaring differences in their ability to approach serious conversations.

"But... I can't keep sleeping with you when I'm— when I— fuck— when the truth is that I... want

more from you.” His voice quietened, vulnerable. “I know you can’t give it to me. I’m sorry. I’m really sorry, George.”

George felt his mind crash, reboot, and then bluescreen. He struggled processing the words that he was *pretty* sure he had just heard come out of his friend’s mouth.

Dream wanted more from him?

There were really no two ways about it – it was there, clear as day written with gossamer ink directly from Dream’s heart: *Dream* wanted more from *him*. And he had just said so, out loud, to George.

George decided then and there that the entire turn of events was biased against him, because *he* was supposed to be the one that pulled himself together enough to say some stupidly sappy shit to Dream, not the other way around.

George faintly registered that he was taking too long to reply; his brain felt like a webpage that had got stuck on its loading screen.

Dream fidgeted with his hands and ducked his head nervously. He visibly began scrambling to explain himself.

“If you don’t feel the same way, it’s fine, I promise. I did expect this. I just thought– I mean I had to tell you, because I really love you, but not just as my best friend–”

George’s neurons short-circuited fanatically, head stuck in a feedback loop. Except this was kind of perfect, because George didn’t do emotional talk. He was better at action, and Dream had just done all the hard work for him, leaving everything else perfectly aligned so that George could shoot his shot.

The brunet was crossing the room with long strides before he even registered what he was doing.

“–and, and I couldn’t keep hooking up with you when it was just h-hurting– what are you doing–?”

Dream was cut off when George grabbed him by the collar and surged upwards, firmly connecting their lips. His left hand promptly resumed to its favourite spot along Dream's cheek, cupping his jaw and pressing himself hard into the other, kissing him like his life depended on it. Dream made a strangled noise, returning it for a moment before he hesitantly pulled away with a hand to George's chest.

His eyes were wistful but bright, and there was a light sheen to his red lips as he regarded George like he was seeing him for the first time.

"George, please tell me that meant what I think it meant."

The brunet felt a dumb smile threaten his face. His chest felt so light he thought he might float all the way up to cloud level. So engrossed with staring at every hard angle and soft freckle of Dream's face, he forgot again that he was supposed to articulate using words.

"George, please answer me, dumbass."

Dream was looking terribly confused, face twitching as if he wanted to smile back, but was trying hard not to, uncertainty written clearly on his features. Finally, after what felt like hours, George managed to say the words that had been lodged in his throat.

"Dream, I don't want to be friends with benefits anymore either, it fucking sucks. I just want you." He breathed, and leaned forward to press a chaste kiss to Dream's lips for good measure, because it had been at least thirty seconds since he'd last done that. The action elicited a surprised noise from the blond.

Not how George thought he would admit his feelings, but it was good enough when Dream's expression finally cracked and a grin bloomed across his face.

"You're an absolute idiot." He snorted. "Were you even going to say something?"

George made a strange noise of protest somewhere in his throat.

"I *was*. I tried really hard actually, jerk. Verbal communication is just difficult by design, that's not my fault." He groused, and he knew he was being huffy, but couldn't help feeling slightly defensive. Dream didn't know the half of how hard he had honestly tried.

Dream just wheezed and inhaled, laughter shaking his body and making him look all the more attractive.

“You are the biggest moron ever.” He breathed out through sibilate chuckling.

George rolled his eyes. Truly, he could hardly be held to full accountability, but he didn’t really care to waste his time arguing about it, especially when he was eager to be doing way more interesting things with his mouth.

“I don’t deserve hearing this from you. Stop.”

Dream calmed down, but his expression retained an edge of wonderment, shaking his head exasperatedly as he lifted his large hands to curl at George’s waist.

“Shut up.” The blond demanded with a smile and squeezed his hands harshly.

Blood rose to George’s face, but without waiting for a reply, Dream swooped forward to catch the brunet’s lips with his own again, nudging incessantly into the other. George sighed at the familiar feeling of leaning his body weight into Dream’s. He slipped his fingers into soft blond hair, his other hand running absentmindedly down the taller man’s side as they traded languid kisses.

Dream barely lasted a moment moving at such an unrushed pace before asserting control over the kiss, his tongue prodding at George’s mouth impatiently. The Brit fought to refrain from smiling, eagerly parting his lips against the other’s to let Dream’s tongue slide along his, their kiss immediately gaining a level of sloppiness from the action.

They pushed and pulled at each other with increasing familiarity after having shared what George could only guess were tens upon hundreds of kisses within the span of little over a week. Content in following Dream’s lead as he usually did, George let himself meld against the hard planes of the other man, adoring the way Dream’s significantly larger body covered his own.

Dream pulled away from him then, sucking in air as they parted, his breath picked up and hot against George’s skin.

“Turn the stove off, Georgie.” Dream’s rough baritone voice reverberated in the brunet’s ears, running smooth and dark over his body like blackstrap.

George reluctantly unclenched his fingers from Dream’s hair, leaving his other hand in a fist around the fabric of Dream’s shirt as he took several shuffled steps backwards, reaching back to turn the gas off.

“What, are you not hungry?” He asked, turning back to face Dream and being met with an intense gaze that spoke significant volumes. Dream’s dark eyes bore holes into the brunet.

“Fucking starving.”

Breath hitching, George took the hint – stumbling forwards, his lips collided with Dream’s and the hand still clutched in his shirt pulled them chest-to-chest. Long fingers returned to Dream’s hair and roughly tugged, instantaneously drawing a quiet moan out of the blond’s mouth, who slipped an arm around to the small of George’s back, fingers toying with the hem of his shirt. Dream broke the kiss wetly, breath hot and lips slick.

“Fuck foreplay. Bedroom, now.” Dream nearly growled against George’s lips, clumsily guiding them outside of the kitchen with feverish hands clutching George’s shirt in a death-grip.

After a monumental struggle of trying to manoeuvre their way down the hall – wherein they both mutually refused to take their hands off of each other for longer than four seconds at a time – the two found themselves in Dream’s room, the owner lazily kicking the door somewhat shut behind him and pushing George towards the bed. George’s heart stuttered against his ribs at the other’s aggression, his dick beginning to strain the fabric of his shorts.

Dream shoved himself into the space between George’s legs, bending over to nose at the pale skin of the brunet’s jaw and nip at his neck, still littered in a rainbow of bruises ranging from a few days to over a week old. George held back a shudder as teeth dug into his collarbone, just on the precipice of hard enough that it made him briefly wonder if it would draw blood. Dream grunted against him, tongue smoothing over the areas he ravaged apologetically, hands gliding from George’s hips to his thighs, running up and down and periodically gripping. There seemed to be a common theme with Dream and touching George’s legs – his hands nearly always finding a place to rest and knead along the expansive limbs.

George’s breathing hitched when he felt Dream reach for the waistband of his shorts, fingers nimbly undoing the button with impressive swiftness. George helped to kick off the clothing when Dream yanked them, along with his boxers, down past his knees, flinging them out of the way.

They collaborated to make quick work of George's shirt, which Dream offered the same treatment as he did to the brunet's pants, carelessly throwing the item out of frame.

George lay fully naked now, chest heaving and bright blush spanning all the way down to his torso. Dream sat back on his haunches to admire his work, hawklike eyes raking over every mark and pale ridge. The blond exhaled heavily above him.

"God, I love your body. I fucking love everything about you. I think I'm obsessed with you." Dream muttered lowly, sultry-smooth voice drawing a high-pitched whine from the brunet.

Rough fingers reached out to snake across George's torrid skin. George gasped, Dream's name on his tongue as the contact compressed over his stomach and slipped around to his ribs, muscles coiling instinctively under the touch. The blond shuffled backwards on his knees and bent forward to connect his mouth to George's goosebump-covered skin, heat accumulating where Dream touched him with his lips. He pressed kisses into George's stomach and sides, hands pushing lightly at the brunet's knees, keeping them apart.

George keened as every other movement from Dream resulted in mild stimulation to his rapidly hardening dick, head dragging against the blond's torso as he diligently sucked dark pink bruises into George's waist. A shudder rocked through the brunet, his breath stuttering in his throat.

"Touch me, please."

George wasn't too proud of the way the younger man reduced him to what could only be described as mewling, but Dream's solicitous teeth and tongue were proving exceptionally distracting.

With a final hard bite to George's hip, Dream pulled off his body, leaving wet patches that cooled and dried as they became exposed to the frigid air. Moving back up his body, Dream held himself above the brunet, long arms caging him in with an air of possessiveness.

"You're such a good boy, begging so politely for me. You're such a cutie." Dream praised, heading dropping down to recapture the other's lips in a coital kiss that took very little time to get carried away, tongues clashing.

Reluctantly, Dream drew away, offering a sweet, apologetic peck to one corner of George's mouth before sitting up and yanking his shirt over his head haphazardly. The article of clothing was dismissed to the floor with all the others, and Dream had to quickly stand to do the same to his

pants. George stared shamelessly, wetting his lips as Dream's swollen cock was freed, already leaking precum from the tip.

Finally, the blond resumed back between George's thighs, sitting back on his haunches as he looked down his freckled nose at George.

"What do you want, George?" He mused aloud, hand languidly reaching between his legs to stroke tantalisingly at his own cock.

He looked unbelievably hot, undoubtedly the one controlling the situation, including and especially whether or not he would allow George to get off. It was stupidly arousing.

George squirmed restlessly. He decided to follow along obediently, with just enough resistance to trigger Dream's commandeering attitude, while still feeding his ego, and ultimately getting exactly what he wanted out of the blond in return.

"Please touch me Dream." George responded coyly, repeating his earlier words without any further elaboration, fully aware what Dream's unimpressed reaction would entail.

Dream scoffed and his eyes narrowed, and George felt an amorous jolt shock his body as Dream's finger unexpectedly applied pressure to the skin just behind his balls, massaging gently.

"Is that it? And do what George? Tell me what you want from me." The pressure on his perineum increased, rubbing slowly.

George drew a shuddering breath, trying to quell his visceral lust enough to talk.

"F-Fuck me." He whispered, dull satisfaction pooling in his gut.

"Speak up, George. Tell me." Dream's voice dropped threateningly, hand flattening out to fondle his balls simultaneously.

George bit his lip, fingers grappling for the bedsheets and gripping like his life depended on it.

“George.” Dream sing-songed, pitch somehow dropping even lower than before.

“A-ah, fuck– please fuck me, Dream. I n-need you in me, let me feel you. Please.” He let out in a rush of air, dick purpling with the pent-up need building in his groin.

The pressure at his perineum shifted to the exterior of his asshole, lightly circling the muscle.

“God, you’re so fucking good for me. Of course I’ll fuck you, I’m gonna treat you so good, Georgie.” Dream reassured praisingly, reaching past George to snatch the bottle of lube that had made a home on Dream’s nightstand.

The lid clicked as the blond flipped it open, squeezing a good amount out onto his fingers, rubbing them together absentmindedly. His hand paused at George’s ass.

“Ready?” Dream questioned, voice slipping into its soft and comforting tone in an instant.

George frantically nodded his head against the pillow, sheets rustling by his ear

“Yes, I’m ready. Please, Dream.”

Fingers cold with lube pressed lightly against his hole, but not enough to slip past the muscles that involuntarily tensed. George bit at his swollen lips, anticipation and excitement bubbling restlessly in him. Slowly, Dream pushed one digit in up to the first knuckle and held it there for a moment. Already breathless, George tried to grind back onto the hand, but Dream refused to move in any further, holding him down firmly with a strong hand on his hip. Dream’s fingers were long and rough, but even that wasn’t nearly enough.

His dick felt painfully hard where it grazed his stomach, fat droplets of precum collecting at the tip and smearing on his skin when he arched his back.

Painstakingly slow, Dream slipped his finger in further, stopping just before his second knuckle. He seemed to pause for a moment as though considering his options, before thrusting the digit in and out shallowly, scarcely delivering any pleasure, and only causing George’s desperation to spike. A whine ripped it’s way from his throat.

“Dream, please. I want more than that, you know I do. Please.”

The other placated him with a dismissive hum. George sat up on his elbows, staring at the way Dream held out on him with mounting sexual frustration.

“Dream, for fuck’s sake, don’t you dare pull this shit. I will be so pissed. Please.”

Slowly, intentionally, Dream looked up to meet his gaze, eyes hooded with the barest hint of self-satisfaction.

Any thoughts that entered George’s mind were cut-off as the digit bottomed out, stroking tantalisingly along his walls, obviously searching for his prostate. Dream hit it quickly, having had ten days of practice, and George’s body convulsed, pins and needles ghosting through his forearms.

“F-Fuck,” He swore, panting.

A sly grin morphed onto Dream’s features, his pupils so wide they almost blacked out his irises, eyelids slipping further. The way he looked down at George made him torn between wanting to fidget or preen under the attention. A warm, rough hand came to rest on his shoulder, pushing the brunet back into the mattress.

“Stay down, baby. Is it so bad to want to take my time with you?” He punctuated with another languid stroke across George’s prostate, leaning down to softly kiss at his chin.

George’s head turned instinctively for the other, baring his neck. George felt his eyelids sink shut, mind swimming in the sensations brought about by Dream’s dexterity.

Yes, he wanted to say, but his ability to vocalise had mostly left the party.

A second finger finally pushed in alongside the first, but remained carefully slow, every movement intentional. Dream fingered him nonchalantly, the arousal that had proliferated since they started becoming overbearing for George. The muscles in his stomach and abdomen were already sore from strain, sporadically clenching as the sensations in his nerves infinitely peaked and subdued.

He opened his eyes to see Dream studying his face raptly, orange light from the setting sun painting his neck and shoulder in a soft glow.

Then Dream adjusted the pressure of his curling fingers so that they were pushed overwhelmingly hard against the brunet's prostate, the only warning George received being the way that Dream's eyes squinted thoughtfully right before he made the move. George cried out inadvertently, a drawn-out moan that sounded embarrassingly loud in the otherwise quiet room. Spurred on by the encouragement from the brunet, Dream's fingers began dragging back and forth with formidable slowness, presence unrelenting, intense pleasure blinding hot.

"Fuck!" George exhaled heavily, leg muscles unable to break out of a vicious cycle of pulling taught and relaxing as Dream continued to abuse the nerves.

Pulling out and mercifully away from George's prostate, Dream added his third finger slower than the last, the stretch generally the most uncomfortable for George – who was glad to see that the blond remembered. Relaxing his aching stomach muscles, George tried focusing solely on Dream's fingers and getting used to the intrusion. It was a lot easier to notice how long Dream's fingers were, and how hard his knuckles felt, when they were three-quarters of the way up his ass. Shifting slightly to try and acclimatise to the pain faster, George felt the moment that Dream started picking up speed again, cursing the fact that he'd already learned most of George's tells, and could easily sense the moment he could continue moving safely.

Unfortunately – or very fortunately – Dream pushed his fingers directly along George's prostate again and resumed his previous ministrations of cruel teasing.

"Ah–D-Dream, please–" He hated how his voice cracked, but he was well beyond being able to help it.

Impossibly, Dream managed to pin down on the nerves with increasing firmness, and George felt his head might explode from how overwhelming the stimulation was. Hot, sensory gratification grew rapidly in his gut, abdominal muscles convulsing as the pleasure compiled.

Jesus fucking Christ, George thought deliriously, mind barely cohesive. Was he honestly about cum just from being fingered? Distantly, he thought he probably shouldn't want to, because he knew Dream would never let him live it down, but the heat in his body was all-encompassing and searing hot.

Helpless, George listened as his own cries became louder and more incessant, fire buzzing at his limbs and in his belly. Right as he felt himself about to meet his point of no return, Dream pulled

away completely, the abrupt lack of stimulation after having been aggressively edged for so long feeling like being dunked in freezing water.

“No!” George groaned in frustration as he felt his licentiousness steadily subside, helpless, until it was nothing more than a mellow simmer in his groin.

George wanted to throttle the blond, who just watched him with a carnal expression.

“Fuck! You did *not* just do that! God, you’re the *worst*.” George lamented, slightly dramatic, but fuck he’d just been blueballed *so* hard, and he felt he was justified enough in his testiness to not give a shit. His mind and body collectively couldn’t think about anything else, which Dream clearly realised.

Dream’s left hand departed from his hip and caressed his face tenderly, palm splaying across his cheek.

“God Georgie, you’re hot as fuck. Your fucking face when I edged you like that could have made me cum. Fuck, you’re hot.” Dream murmured with a groan. “Sorry baby, I promise I’ll let you cum soon.” He added sweetly, and then smiled like he didn’t know exactly what he was doing.

George whimpered pathetically at the sugary apology. Damn, Dream really just had to breathe and George would gush and drool over him like an idiot.

With that, Dream leaned forward over George and grabbed for the condom box that had made a home on his nightstand. There was hardly any use in putting it away by that point. Plucking out a foil wrapper from the rest, Dream sat back on his haunches and got to work opening it and carefully rolling it on. George’s dick leaked miserably from where it lightly brushed against his canted thigh, the head flushed so dark George greatly disliked acknowledging it. He didn’t need reminding on how badly he already needed to blow his load.

He stared as Dream lubed himself up and gave his hard cock a few steady strokes, before he shuffled closer on the sheets to the brunet. Two big hands grabbed at George’s hips and lifted them to settle on Dream’s muscled thighs, his slick length poking teasingly at George’s skin. Refraining from squirming, George breathed in relief as the head of Dream’s cock finally pushed past his entrance, stretching him erogenously as the blond inched steadily forward. When Dream bottomed out, George adjusted his legs around the other’s waist, crossed ankles pulling Dream’s body as close to his as possible. A shiver ran through the brunet, followed by a content sigh.

George didn't need quite as long to get used to the pain now, a whole ten days of seeing the exact same scenario having well paid off, but he was still magnanimous about waiting. There was nothing worse than getting railed too early and having to stop midway through because the stretch was refusing to ease out in the slightest. George groaned, low and drawn-out, as satisfying, tingling pleasure returned to his body.

"Okay," The brunet panted. "Dream, you can move." He tried wriggling his hips for emphasis, feeling Dream's thick cock along his walls.

When George glanced up, he saw Dream sitting upright with his eyes closed and brows pinched in what appeared to be a brave attempt at self-composure, though he looked to be only midway to achieving it. George took his time taking in swollen red lips, parted slightly and glossy with spit, then the hard jawline below that, faintly dotted with stubble. His long lashes resting against speckled cheekbones, and the hard planes of his broad shoulders as they rose with each breath.

Distracted, George didn't notice when Dream's eyes opened, nor when they stared right back, or even when a restive smile pulled up at the corners of the other's mouth, teeth just visible.

"Like what you see?"

George's eyes flicked up to stare into green and he raised a brow. "Ugh, fishing for compliments, really? Right now?"

Readjusting his grip on George's thighs, Dream inched unexpectedly closer, languidly bucking his hips into George's tight heat. A deep laugh rumbled his chest as he leaned over George with a leer.

"I'm a complete slut for your appraisal, Georgie." He huffed blithely, slouching forwards until he was close enough to nose at George's cheek and press a kiss to his jaw.

A spark of ardourant pleasure crackled up George's spine from the faint movement. He spoke breathlessly through his quickened puffing.

"Shut up, just f-fuck me. Please." He punctuated with a needy grind against Dream's hips.

Dream groaned against his neck, tongue darting out to give a final lick, before he sat back upright, eyes searching out George's. Lust was clearly backed under his expression of mirth, eyes glinting

with promise.

Slowly, Dream pulled back, hands in a tight grip around George's thighs, and drove forward, pushing deep. George's breath hitched with the movement, revelling in the feeling of every slide of Dream's dick inside him.

Dream stopped, and his soft voice pierced through the droning in George's mind. "One sec, baby, I'm getting worried for your back. Keep your hips up."

Dream shuffled around, dragging another pillow into sight and shoving it in the space beneath George, arranging it carefully.

"You're an overachiever." George didn't realise that a smitten grin had taken over his face until he tried to talk, feeling the stretch of his lips. He didn't make an attempt to stop it.

"Oh come on now. I didn't want you to get hurt, so now I'm an overachiever? I think you're just bad at taking care of yourself." The blond leaned forward, dotting kisses to George's lips and face.

"I can't believe you're being a sap right now, stop. You're making me feel things."

Dream leaned back to beam broadly at him, picking up his pace fractionally against the brunet while still retaining his previous adagio rhythm.

"What kind of things?" The Floridan asked with a heavy grind of his hips. Spots prickled at the edge of George's vision.

"Sh-shut up, as if you don't know." Warm red bled into his face, which only made him blush harder.

Dream cooed at him (gross) and bent forward again to smear even more kisses along the exposed skin of George's neck. The rutting of Dream's hips, still pistoning in and out of him warped the sweetness of the sentiment somewhat, George's face seemingly unable to decide if it was blushing in response to embarrassment or arousal.

“You’re too good for me,” Dream murmured against his damp skin, biting hard, before pulling away to funnel his attention back into the connection of their hips. “But you’re mine, George.”

George’s eyes fell shut involuntarily, addicting saccharinity inhibiting his ability to think concisely, and his syrupy mind hyper-fixated on all the places where their bodies contacted. Not without a struggle, George heaved open his eyes, determined to capture Dream’s.

“Then show me how you treat things that are yours.” He mumbled.

A shudder wracked through the blond, who moaned brokenly, eyes slipping shut as though weighted down by every word. He muttered a breathless *fuck*, and then Dream didn’t hesitate to follow it up with a harsh snap of his hips, quickly establishing an aggressive pace against the smaller man, hips angling deep with every forward surge.

George moaned, breathy and cracked, climax waxing for the second time that night. His body was convulsing almost atomically against the building pleasure beating his nerves, exertion forcing a thin sheen of sweat to rise to the surface of his skin. George brought a hand up to his face and bit down hard on his pointer finger, surrounding skin turning white with the pressure, as he tried to muffle the filthy sounds that seemed to never-endingly tumble from his mouth.

Dream noticed immediately and responded with a low hum of displeasure, his hand striking out to catch George’s wrist in an iron grip.

“No, you don’t do that. Let me hear you.” He groused, yanking the offending arm away and pinning it down by the brunet’s head.

Dream stared at him with an intensity that made George’s insides churn and thrum with heat, a sharp groan yanked from his throat. Fervently, he shook his head yes, lungs staggering as another breathless gasp drew out of him. His eyelids struggled to stay open, heavy with the effort, but desperation kept them up and his gaze trained on Dream’s face. He had no real reason, but regardless of the cause, he didn’t dare to look away from Dream’s torching scrutiny.

The fingers around his wrist tightened and Dream smirked at him.

“You’re such a good boy, aren’t you Georgie?” He crooned, and offered a particularly hard thrust with his words, leaning closer to bite at George’s collarbones, teeth leaving stinging marks.

“Please let me cum.” George keened, head thrown back at an awkward angle against the pillow.
“Dream, please.” Stars filled his sight.

Dream groaned, sounding winded. He pulled immediately away from George’s collar and leaned back, hips angled upwards in the way he knew gave continuous stimulation to George’s prostate. A reflexive moan got caught between the sides of the brunet’s throat as Dream finally allowed him the satisfying pleasure he had been chasing interminably.

His speech was littered with breathy utterings of *Dream* and *yes*, words steadily slurring until they were reduced to nonsense. Warm flames gently singed his nerves, but it wasn’t until George felt a huge hand wrap around his dick and stroke in time to the rutting of the owner’s hips that the flames transfigured into an inferno, licking at his insides with shocking intensity.

“Dream, I won’t last,” George warned, as clearly as he could manage, yet still falling short.

Dream’s movements didn’t diminish or falter, hips still working hard to hit George’s prostate with each thrust.

“That’s okay honey, you can come when you’re ready, I won’t stop you. You’ve been so good, baby, so good.” He praised, and George didn’t need any more encouragement than that.

Immediately, he felt himself fall backwards into the slow-consuming gratification of his climax, sinking slowly as heat and lust stoked the fire in his body from the inside-out. Dream’s name sounded loud on his tongue as he came hard, waves of tilting euphoric pleasure cascading over him. Cum spilled from his tip, shaft still enclosed in Dream’s hand, dribbling down the side and painting his stomach. The tapering end of his orgasm settled around George like the dying flame at the bottom of a candle, and Dream rode it out of him like he always did, then mercifully removed his hand from George’s spent dick.

The blond groaned above him, fingers digging into George’s hips with a crushing grip as he chased his own orgasm. George hissed against the jarring sensation, a weird concoction of arousing and unwelcome stimulation. His muscles spasmed from the overstimulation, but he weakly pushed back onto Dream’s dick in silent encouragement, head spinning.

“G-George...” Dream gasped, rhythm growing sloppy.

“Fuck— *cum*, Dream.” He demanded, but what finally did it was the movement of his ass clenching

around the other's thick length harshly, Dream moaning airily.

George forced his eyes to stay open as he watched Dream fall apart above him while his dick was shoved deep in the brunet's ass. It was possibly one of his favourite sights, second only to Dream's smile.

The Floridan stilled inside him, hands shaking against George's hips and his breath coming out raggedly. A sleepy smile tugged at George's mouth and he extended an arm to Dream's wrist, gently pulling him forward.

"Come here." He whispered, voice hoarse from its zealous overuse.

Dream's face lifted as he regarded George back, tilting forwards carefully to press their lips together, touch tender, and what George now understood probably actually *was* loving.

Dream drew away, slowly pulling out of George and sitting back on his haunches to remove his condom and tie it. George breathed a content sigh, hand flopping limply by his side and his body immediately relaxing into the mattress as the greatly welcomed warmth of post-orgasm bliss gently lapped at his body.

Glancing up, he noticed Dream's eyes hooding as he haphazardly threw away his condom, and decided to sacrifice his own revitalisation period to provide Dream with the aftercare for a change.

"Dream, lay down, please." He ordered calmly, hooking his hand around Dream's elbow and pulling him forward until he lay flat and comfortable in the space beside him on the bed.

"Stay here." George murmured with a parting kiss to the other's forehead, before turning over and shoving himself to his feet, padding naked and gross out of Dream's room. His muscles protested weakly, but he stubbornly trudged down the hallway.

Sapnap probably wasn't home, he registered, but even if he was, George couldn't give half a shit right then. He stopped first by the linen cupboard, grabbing a clean cloth out and shutting the door, then stepping into the bathroom to quickly pee and rinse his stomach off under the shower head. He hastily patted himself down with his towel before hanging it back up and grabbing the clean cloth on the basin, lightly dampening it with the tap.

As fast as he could, he ducked out to grab a bottle of water from the fridge and a muesli bar from the cupboard, (and holding back a snort at the reminder of their abandoned dinner) before finally hurrying back down the hall to his partner.

When he reentered Dream's room, he found the other in almost the exact same position as he'd left him in, eyes shut and dozing peacefully in the darkening light. A helpless smile overtook his face before he could have any say about it, tiptoeing closer and depositing everything on the bedside table for the moment.

"Dream?" He whispered, unsure if the other had actually fallen asleep.

A quiet noise came from the blond, who sleepily blinked open his eyes, looking at George in acknowledgment as he patiently waited for him to elaborate. George felt his heart clench as he savoured the image. He still couldn't believe that in a world full of people, *he* was the one that got to see Dream like this, completely pliant and sweet.

George kneeled forward on the bed, offering the damp cloth out to the other.

"Do you want to, or would you like me...?" He gestured with the towel and paused to give Dream a chance to respond.

The blond hummed again complacently, and shrugged awkwardly against the mattress.

"I can, all good." He said, voice raspy, and George passed the item to him before twisting around to collect the other things he had brought back.

As Dream cleaned himself off, George rearranged the misshapen pillows and returned them to the head of the bed, tapping lightly on Dream's shoulder and helping him sit up to re-place the pillow. Flopping back into the added support, Dream lazily folded the cloth and dropped it on his bedside, arms returning only to reach for George, making grabby hands at the brunet. George snorted with fond laughter, laying down beside the blond and resting his head on his shoulder. Dream shuffled around until George felt his arm snake under him and wrap around his waist, eliminating the gap between them.

"Here you go." George tentatively held the water out for Dream to take, who accepted it with a grateful *thanks*.

Dream took a few quick sips, before handing it back to George. George screwed the cap on and set it down in the dip between their bodies so he could instead hold the bar out in front of them, wrapper crinkling.

“I got you this too, you should eat it now. We kind of postponed dinner there, but you need some energy at least.” George hurried to explain, ignoring how his cheeks felt like they were melting.

Dream’s torso shook with a laugh, delighted wheezes slipping out of him.

“Okay, Georgie.” He said, and George felt Dream’s smile where it pressed into his hair.

They lay in pleasant silence, the only sounds being from Dream as he bit at the muesli bar and wrinkled the packaging. He didn’t take long to finish it, grabbing the water and discarding it along with his wrapper on the nightstand beside everything else they had accumulated there. They readjusted until they were face-to-face on the bed, Dream’s arm slung loosely over George’s hip, fingers of his other hand lightly stroking the brunet’s chin.

“I think we did this backwards, I think we were supposed to talk about our feelings and *then* fuck each other senseless.” Dream murmured, running a finger feather-lightly across George’s lips. George smiled tiredly against them.

“Probably, but... I’m pretty sure I got the memo.” George paused to recollect what they’d said earlier. “So, you don’t want to be ‘friends with benefits’ either? And you want... more from me?” He finished quietly, scared he could have somehow misinterpreted, even now.

He barely heard the way Dream sucked in a quiet breath, eyes flickering back and forth between George’s.

Finally, he answered, “Yes. I don’t want sex with you to be meaningless. I think I already told you I love you, as much more than a friend, but...” He trailed off, and George was briefly taken aback by the fact that Dream was the one with nothing eloquent to say, for once.

Stamping down his initial shock, and letting his heart simmer, George poured out what he had wanted to say for so, so long.

“I love you, too. As much more than a friend.” He added, shyly smiling, Dream’s fingers pulling

away until they just touched the bottom of his lip as the blond listened to him talk.

“I’ve been trying to tell you for days, but it... it really scared me. Even if I didn’t have feelings for you, you’re still one of the most important people in the world to me. The thought of losing you, was...” He took a steadying breath. “I think I understand now that I might’ve loved you for a lot longer than I let on, but it was harder to distinguish that when I already loved you as my best friend.” He finished, searching Dream’s eyes as he waited patiently for the blond to take in his words.

Dream stared at him, lips parted in surprise, though George determined that it could have either been from his impressive clarity, his heartfelt admission, or both.

Eventually, Dream blinked and broke eye contact, expression pondering. Carefully, he met George’s gaze again and smoothed his fingers out to run along the older man’s cheek, radiant smile lighting up his face like a string of Christmas lights.

“You mean all that?” He looked so unsure, but so, so hopeful and *happy* with the information now turning over in his brain, that George didn’t even feel exasperation at his question. He knew first-hand the surrealism associated with discovering that the feelings you harboured for your love interest turned out to be reciprocated. It seemed far too good to be true.

“All of it. I’ll say it again if you want me to.”

George had no idea where his sudden boldness had sprouted from, but he wasn’t complaining. It couldn’t have come at a better time.

Dream chuckled – *cutely*, holy fuck – and hurriedly leaned forward to clumsily pepper kiss after kiss to George’s lips, then his cheeks, and his nose, his jaw, his chin. George scrunched his face in faux distaste.

“Ew, you’re so affectionate, I swear to god.” He valiantly suppressed a laugh.

Dream was smiling, unfazed. “I really love you, George. You can’t know how fucking perfect you are. And you’re *mine*.”

George felt his face go red, “You keep saying that.”

Dream regarded him lightly. “You don’t want to be mine? My boyfriend?” It was mildly teasing, like he already knew the answer.

George covered the hand on his face with his own, feeling the warmth on his cheeks even through Dream’s fingers.

“I want that a lot, actually.” He mumbled, glancing away.

Dream’s thumb swiped over his cheekbone, grazing his eyelashes, causing George to look back up again.

“Then be my boyfriend, Georgie.” He stopped with a grin. “It would make me really happy. The happiest.”

George huffed, cheeks hurting from how long he’d been smiling, and dragged Dream’s hand down to cover his face, effectively hiding behind his long fingers.

Effectively that is, until Dream moved it away and held it firmly on his jaw, fingertips lightly grazing the spot behind George’s ear.

“You’re so fucking cute. I’m so glad this isn’t some alternate universe where you get together with Sapnap, or something. That would really fucking hurt my ego.”

Unexpected laughter burst out of George, who cringed at the insinuation.

“Your poor ego would be in shambles. Yikes. Sapnap *wishes*.” George laughed again, uncontrollably. “Fuck the other timelines, I couldn’t give a shit about them. This one just became my favourite anyway.” He calmed down minutely, surging forward with the sudden desire to taste Dream’s smile against his own.

Their kiss was broken by the sound of Dream’s stomach rumbling solemnly, immediately undoing George’s hard-earned composure as he leaned back and shook with yet more laughter, high-pitched and jovial.

“You idiot, that’s what you get for making me stop halfway through cooking dinner. You’re so dumb.”

Dream made an affronted sound high in his throat.

“But it was so worth it. Surely you agree with me.”

George just rolled his eyes, “Maybe. Please let’s just get something delivered though, I can’t be fucked to do anything else right now.”

After fussing for a while over where they would order from, they eventually settled on McDonalds, because Dream was a simp and George, frankly, was not.

It arrived sometime later, both men giggling like idiots as they rushed to put clothes on and answer the door. Dream left the room in just a pair of sweatpants over clean boxers, and George used the distraction to steal one of Dream’s hoodies, slipping the comfortable fabric over his head.

Dream eyed him lewdly as he came back from the door with bags of food hanging from his fists.

“Don’t even think about going anywhere near my dick while I’m eating my McDonalds. Fuck you, I’m eating my fucking cheeseburger while it’s still warm.” He flipped Dream off, snatching the paper bags and running to the couch before the other man could stop him.

Incredulous chuckling followed closely behind him as Dream approached the other end of the couch, sitting down cross-legged and facing George.

“You have such an attitude. God, I love you.” Dream shook his head, plunging an arm into his takeout and pulling out a handful of fries.

George coloured faintly at the comment, Dream’s easy ability to tell George he loved him unprecedented and wonderful.

They talked back and forth in between mouthfuls of salty fast food, George's heart feeling ten times bigger in his chest every time he caught Dream with that now-familiar flame of affection in his eyes, or anytime one of them stole a fry from the other's meal and then caused them to both bicker about it. The front door reopened hours later, after they'd cleaned up their empty wrappers and settled down on the sofa, pressed together from head to toe, Dream's breaths deep and even as he slept, George's head resting on his broad chest, encircled by warm, sturdy arms.

George was barely dozing off as he heard two voices swimming into the peripherals of his mind.

"...just be careful where you look, in case they're- oh." Drifted in Sapnap's muffled timbre.

There was a soft shuffling, and then George heard Karl's voice carry across the room, "Aw, that's pretty cute."

Echoey laughter followed. "Yeah, they're so nasty. I love the nimrods, though."

There was more, but George couldn't make it out, exhaustion curling over him and wrapping him in a warm blanket of sleep.

Chapter End Notes

I saw the clip of Dream and George saying they'd never been drunk before LMAO I really did them dirty lulw :[

AND. hoLy fuck, all of you in the comments, leaving kudos, BOOKMARKING or even just clicking on the story,,,,I see you. I see you and I appreciate you. So. Damn. Much.

I've never been more overwhelmed with serotonin than I was from last chapter, Jesus. Thank u SO much. ♡

I'm just,,,,so blown away,,you are all really cool

Ur still welcome to offer me prompts and suggestions, and things like that<3

Edit: I saw in someone's bookmark notes "unfortunate use of the word p-spot, but it gets the job done" LMAOO AHAHA I've been laughing at that all day. (And, in the

words of Lola: “it’s a historical artefact and it needs to be preserved”)

End Notes

[Sapnap POV & Karlnap](#) if u r interested. :)

I now have [twitter](#), too.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!